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ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE CITIZEN," OTTAWA.

A BOOK appeared in Paris in the month of April last dealing with the above subject—"A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons"—which immediately attracted widespread attention and became the theme of a prolonged and animated discussion. The writer, M. Edmond Demolins, is professor of social science, and director of a monthly review called "*La Science Sociale*." The title of the book was itself sufficient to compel notice. Anglo-Saxon superiority! What idea could be more novel or more unwelcome? Is not France the fine consummate flower of civilization? So at least her poets, orators, statesmen and journalists proclaim her. M. Demolins must have anticipated that the first impulse of his countrymen would be to exclaim in angry dissent against the assumption made in his theme, so he placed upon the title page an outline map of the world with those portions held or occupied by Anglo-Saxon peoples marked in red. A glance makes apparent the spread of that race over the globe, and when the figures of population and commerce are supplied the impression of growing power and greatness is deepened. From their island home on the west coast of Europe the English-speaking people have gone westward to take possession of North America, and eastward to

Australia. They are found at the Cape of Good Hope; they control Egypt; they have possessions in East Africa; they rule India; their influence is growing in South America, while among the islands of the sea the flag of England is found floating everywhere. "In presence of this spectacle," says M. Demolins, "you must admit that the Anglo-Saxons are invading the world, and consequently that they are superior in those qualities, at least, which bring national power and aggrandisement."

The reception of the book was generally favourable. No serious attempt was made to controvert its arguments. M. Jules Lemaitre, in a brilliant article in the *Figaro*, could only suggest that the private excellencies of the Anglo-Saxon people are by a strange paradox associated with an abominable hypocrisy and odious national selfishness. "Could we by a miracle become possessed of the private virtues of our northern neighbours," he asks, "would we desire to adopt at the same time the role of a people of prey, which England now fills in the world? Though we be no longer the wandering knights of justice and humanity, though there are some things that we cannot accomplish, we can, at least, lift up our voice in their favour." No one would wish to deny to those who are willing to concede their inferiority in individual virtue

the consoling belief that as a nation they are the special champions of justice and humanity.

In what, then, does M. Demolins find Anglo-Saxon superiority to consist? In this, the possession of greater individual independence, self-reliance and initiative. He divides nations into two classes belonging to distinct and opposite types of social formation with fundamentally antagonistic ideals. One he terms collectivist (*communautaire*) and the other particularist. In the one the individual leans for his maintenance and advancement upon some social organism to which he belongs; in the other he relies upon his own efforts. France belongs to the former type; England to the latter. In France the ambition of the average parent is to place his son in the public service, to scrape together, by severe self-denial and economy, enough to furnish him with a portion, and then to find him a wife with a dowry. In England, on the other hand, the parent considers himself acquitted of his natural obligations when he has given his son a good education and put him in a position to make his own way in the world.

Here we can see the wide difference between the ruling social ideas of the two nations, a difference so profound that it modifies every phase of life, and produces a striking divergence of national character. M. Demolins is not content to state his thesis in general terms. He illustrates and enforces it by a patient and exhaustive examination of the respective condition of the two peoples as revealed in their methods of education, statistics of births and marriages, domestic economy, public finance, the personnel of their politics, their ideas of patriotism, and their attitude towards socialism. Everywhere he finds support for his argument. French education aims at the training of young men for the public service. The natural consequence is that the school is subordinated to this end, and the teacher's aim is not to draw forth the native powers of the pupil, to give him a grasp of the realities of life, to cultivate in him the spirit of self-help

and independence, but to enable him to scramble past examinations which are the portal through which the promised land of official employment is reached. Cramming is a constant factor in the system and superficial information on a variety of topics its sole intellectual gain. But everyone cannot be a public servant. Notwithstanding that the list of functionaries is enormously swelled, there is after all only a limited number of places, and the great majority of candidates fail. They must find employment elsewhere. What becomes of them? They betake themselves to other occupations for which they have not been fitted by previous education or early training. They swell the ranks of incompetent journalists, lawyers and politicians. They become an intelligent proletariat whose private misfortunes are expressed in public discontent. They furnish an unstable and revolutionary element to society, corrupting public life and imparting to it violence and passion. The civil service, the army, the liberal professions—these are the goal to which every young Frenchman aspires. The independent pursuits—agriculture, trade, commerce, the industrial and mechanic arts—are despised. The State owes every man a living and to the State he looks for it.

Such a habit of mind is essentially a source of social weakness, but facts are conspiring to make its insufficiency still more marked and to overwhelm with misfortune those who are wedded to it. The industrial situation has, in fact, been revolutionized. In former times production was carried on chiefly in small workshops, supplying the needs of a limited circle of customers and affected by local competition only. Much of the work was done by hand, and special knowledge and methods of labour were transmitted from father to son for generations. Everything tended to stability, to tradition. Now-a-days the situation is strangely altered. The scattered workshops have been brought together in immense factories where steam and electricity furnish unlimited motive power; innumerable in-

ventions have supplied machinery of marvellous ingenuity which has multiplied the productiveness of labour a hundredfold; transport to every part of the world has been made cheap and convenient; purchasers are sought at distances of thousands of miles, and the manufacturer has to meet world-wide competition. Further, the conditions under which any trade is carried on are daily changing. New inventions, new methods, are coming into use. The calm and peaceable life resting upon custom and tradition has passed away and given place to a struggle intense and full of novelty. To succeed under the new order of things requires, above all, self-reliance, courage, cool judgment, prompt decision, openness of mind and quickness to see and appreciate the value of improvements. Hence the defects of the collectivist social formation are vastly more injurious now than ever before. It enfeebles the man at the very moment when he is called to strenuous action; it robs him of his energy when he has to measure himself against hardy competitors.

M. Demolins finds an illustration of his theme in the statistics of births and marriages. In France, between 1770 and 1780, the births were 380 per annum for each ten thousand of the inhabitants; 1821 to 1830, 309; 1880 to 1896, 220. In a century and a quarter the proportion has fallen more than one-third. In 1881 the number of births in France was 937,057. In 1890 it was 838,057, almost 100,000 less. The whole social system tends in this direction. The father of a family, desiring to secure what he considers a good position for his son, has him educated for the public service. He believes it his duty also to make provision as far as possible for his future maintenance by means of a settlement. It is difficult enough for a man to raise and educate a family,—how much more so to save enough to give his children portions? Small families are therefore the rule in France.

Again, as the population of the country is not increasing, its colonies do

not flourish. There is as marked a difference now as there was two centuries ago, between the extraordinary growth of English-speaking settlements in new lands and the blight that rests upon countries under French rule. As in the time of Richelieu, the former attract to their shores farmers, mechanics, shopkeepers, men seeking a permanent establishment for themselves, their wives and children; they grow with spontaneous vigour and develop an independent life; their inhabitants multiply in wealth and numbers; they become new nations. As in the time of Richelieu, the population of the latter, other than the natives, is composed principally of soldiers, officials and priests, with a sprinkling of traders and adventurers. Such is the present condition of Algeria, Senegal, Annam, Tonquin and Madagascar. These dependencies are ruled from Paris; their commerce is monopolized by the central power; they have no inner vitality.

M. Demolins' theory throws a flood of light upon the progress of socialism in different European countries. His general criticism of French life, social organization and political ideas, applies equally to Germany, but here the lesson is accentuated. Although the conception of personal independence made its earliest appearance in the forests of Germany among the Teutonic tribes, nevertheless their descendants in our day have lost the tradition, and the individual is crushed and overwhelmed by the power of the State. Germany suffers from paternalism and militarism. Her present ruler takes every occasion to declare that he is the father of his people, that their welfare is in his hands, that he is by divine right absolute master of the State. In Germany and France, more especially, however, in the former, socialism has found a soil fit to receive it. In Germany the prophets and founders of socialism have lived and worked and the socialism of other countries is merely a derivative stream from the German fountain. But among the Anglo-Saxon peoples the doctrine has made little or no progress. In England it has failed

absolutely. In the United States it counts adherents chiefly among German immigrants; the Americans have not been won over. An attempt was made to convert the people of the United States by sending out Liebknecht and one of the daughters of Karl Marx, the author of "Das Kapital," but without effect. The trade unions and knights of labour would have nothing to do with the movement.

What is the reason of the failure of socialism among the English-speaking people? It arises from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon social formation is as profoundly particularist as the German and French is profoundly collectivist. In Germany public powers have been developed to a point which has undermined private and local initiative, while in England they are restrained to a narrow stage. Germany is the home of authority, but the sturdy and combative Anglo-Saxon loves to depend on himself; he loves self-government. The German seeks the solution of social problems in State intervention, in government regulation; the Anglo-Saxon asks for the purpose nothing but individual liberty.

The socialists claim to be preaching a new evangel; they tell us that the future belongs to them. Thus, Edward Bellamy places his regenerate community in the year 2000, and two socialistic articles in the *Arena* magazine for September are called "Studies in Ultimate Society." The fact is, that their ideas are terribly old, that they have become obsolete, and that the progress of the race is carrying us constantly farther away from them.

Socialism in its essence is the system of antiquity and of the Orient of to-day. Instead of youth and vigour it bears the marks of senile infirmity. It was practised in the form of a common possession and collective cultivation of the soil by the patriarchs of the Bible. Some ancient nations, among them the Hebrews, Germans and Slavs, made a periodical redistribution of the land; while among others, *e.g.*, the Egyptians, the national domain was placed in the hands of the sover-

ign to divide equally the fruits of the labour of his people and to secure the widows and the aged against want. But the people which dominated the Old World was that one which set most store by individual property and civic freedom, viz., the Romans. Nothing could be more natural. What is the State apart from the individuals who compose it? In a legal point of view it is an artificial person, a corporation aggregate; and Plato tells us that it is an organic and spiritual being with a personality, a soul of its own. But these conceptions do not disturb the fact that the character and force of the community depend upon the qualities of the individual citizens.

Not only was collectivism the system of the ancients, but it is the prevailing system at this moment in Asia, North Africa and Eastern Europe. In Russia, for example, the social unit is the Mir, a village community where the rude assembly of boors manages the tillage of the common land, and distributes its fruits according to the number of arms in each family. But we do not look for modern progress in the East. The countries where collectivism reigns are stagnant and low in the scale of civilization. Among them the value of personal character is not understood; the individual leans upon his social setting for support. The advance of the race has been carried forward in quite another way—by the independence, self-reliance and virile energy of which the Anglo-Saxons are the chief exemplars. It is these qualities that have enabled the people of the British Islands to go forth and conquer the world.

The difficulties of life arise from the constitution of things, from the want of perfect adjustment between human nature and the circumstances in which we are placed. We cannot wave them away, nor dodge them. In collectivist societies the attempt is made, but in vain. The consequence is that among the purest examples of this type their hope for the future lies in the annihilation of consciousness, in Nirvana; and why? Because consciousness is for

them synonymous with misery and despair. They have found life too hard. There is a Turkish proverb which says : "It is better to be sitting than standing ; lying down than sitting ; dead than asleep." What can be more melancholy than the verses of Omer Khayam, or those of the Devas quoted by Sir John Lubbock ?

We sojourn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe ;
And then, leaving life's problems all unsolved,
And harassed by regrets, we have to go.

We are the voices of the wandering wind
Which moans for rest, and rest can never find.
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife !

Socialism, communism, collectivism, every attempt to solve the problems of life for the individual in any other way than by facing them resolutely and surmounting them, has proven a failure. When this fact is recognized and we set ourselves to make every man his own way by his own efforts, character is strengthened and developed, our powers are multiplied and re-inforced, new faculties spring up within us, and we are conscious of an accession of vigour that fits us for any emergency. This is the sole method that brings success, the only path to a high plane of civilization, the one direction in which we may look with hope for an increase in general happiness.

We shall have made but poor use of the work of M. Demolins if we derive no other benefit from it than the gratification of national vanity. Have we reached such a state of perfection that we have nothing to learn, nothing to correct ? Let those who think so look about them and they will see much to convince them that the habit of dependence is not confined to the continent of Europe. There are many indications of the growth of that spirit among ourselves. The most noticeable of these is the struggle for office. Witness the clamour that has been heard throughout Canada for a twelvemonth past. On the last change of Government, supporters of the party in power in many constituencies formed committees to consider what officials could be removed

to make places for friends. The pressure on Ministers and members became so great as to be almost unbearable, and in several cities—Ottawa, for instance—the latter appointed hours at which they might be seen by applicants for employment. Dismissals and superannuations have been made on a large scale, and still the complaint is heard that the Government has not been active enough in replacing political opponents with political allies. This eagerness to enter the civil service is not confined to any one party. It is a feature of Canadian life to be observed and noted.

In the Province of Ontario there are many things that M. Demolins would probably criticise if he should come here to investigate. Offices have been multiplied to such an extent that whereas there were only six hundred a quarter of a century ago, there are now said to be three thousand. Along with this great increase in the number of officials there has been a centralisation of power in Toronto, effected by withdrawing many of the privileges formerly possessed by the municipalities and transferring them to the provincial Administration. In every direction means have been taken to extend the influence of the Government over various classes of the population. The Education Department and the liquor license act are notable illustrations of this. The consequence has been not only an encroachment by the central authorities upon the functions of municipalities, and the consequent impairment of the independent life and usefulness of these bodies, but a restriction of the freedom of the electorate and a blow at disinterested public opinion, which should be the supreme arbiter of the destinies of parties. The centralisation of power, the extension of patronage and its employment as a reward for political support, and the multiplication of offices, all tend towards one result—to foster a disposition to look to the Government for assistance.

Let us take a recent example of centralisation to be found in the statute book of the province ; one not specially harmful nor particularly important, but

which illustrates well enough what we are saying. There have been from time to time a number of defalcations by municipal treasurers, and it has usually been found that their accounts have been audited in a perfunctory manner. Last session the Government appointed a new official to be known as the provincial municipal auditor, whose duty it is to frame rules respecting the number and forms of books of account to be kept by the treasurers, the system of book-keeping to be followed by them, and a provincial audit of their accounts. What does such a provision imply? Simply a want of faith in the power of municipal bodies to manage their own business. The ratepayers are treated as if they were children. How is a healthy and sturdy manhood to be developed unless people are held responsible for the results of their own laxity or negligence? If councilmen are unfit for their places let their constituents select others who are competent; and if the people will not take the care and trouble to do this, by all means let them suffer the penalty, and let them suffer it in their pockets—oftentimes the most sensitive part of the human organization.

It is against tendencies of this kind that we should set our faces. In the interpretation of the British North America Act the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has steadily favoured the claims of the provinces. The interpretation of a written constitution is not at all a mere matter of the application of legal rules; it is a question of

State policy, and decentralisation has been the aim of the Privy Council where there is a conflict of jurisdiction. There was such a conflict for years, and Provincial autonomy was a rallying cry in the struggle between the Dominion and the provinces. If provincial autonomy is a good thing, if its maintenance is a worthy object of patriotic effort, local autonomy within the province should be equally dear. In local bodies we have the nurseries of civil and political freedom.

The argument for particularism is not a plea for anarchy or national disintegration. In its application to the actual political organization of Canada and of Ontario the question is admittedly one of limits; but the true principle is that where a function is essentially local in character, where the interest in it is predominantly local, where its performance is quite within the competence of local bodies, these should not be interfered with by the general government. As regards the private citizen, the State has its own place and its own proper duties. These also are necessary for the welfare of society. Aristotle tells us that "Man is by nature a political animal," and further, that "apart from the State he has neither safety nor freedom." But the undue extension of State authority, the meddling interference of the Government with individual action, is an evil against which we must be constantly on guard if we would secure the continued development of our civilization in the onward path of progress.

R. W. Shannon.



A PRIESTESS OF RIGHT.

A Study of George Eliot's "Romola."

TO prosper in one field of fiction by no means precludes the possibility of failure in another. The wonderful picture of 15th century life and character given by George Eliot in "*Romola*" offers the most brilliant testimony to the versatility of her powers. Lacking somewhat of the vigorous simplicity and powerful realism found in those works whose materials were drawn from her own associations, it atones for this by a completeness of detail and perspective, and a vividness of historical colouring, but little inferior to that of "*Ivanhoe*." And though Scott remains her superior in his power of becoming imbued with the time-spirit of days historically remote, the woman novelist far surpasses him in her comprehension of the human soul. He displays to us objective acts and their visible actors. She, in addition, analyzes underlying motives and forces, delineating life for us in those subjective aspects which remain unchanged throughout the sweep of centuries. In Sir Walter's characters we are struck chiefly with what is typical of their times; in George Eliot's we marvel rather at the essential continuity of human nature amid changes of age and race. Although destinies are shaped by the overwhelming powers of heredity and external forces, we are given her conscious recognition of the truth that in man's determining environment, as in his soul's response to it, there are throughout all time essentials unchangeable. "The great river-courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, those life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors." The warriors brave and maidens fair of Scott live and act in their own age, but they do not live

with us. The throbbing hearts and loving souls of Eliot belong to a race the world still knows. Whether or no they as truly typify Florentine life as the knights and ladies do that of Norman England, we cannot but absorb to the full the spirit of that life which they do possess. More romantic than "*Romola*," but less intensely human, the historical novels of Scott compare with it in some such way (but without the same disparity) as do the "*Leatherstocking Tales*" of Cooper with Hawthorne's "*Scarlet Letter*."

With its recognition of the supremacy of moral purpose, the awful reality of the soul's life, and its possibilities, grand or terrible, this book furnishes perhaps the most forceful instance of the author's constant presentation of the doctrine of retributive justice. With the unhurried certainty of Nemesis, the moral tragedy of a selfish life moves on to its climax in the career of Tito Melema, who at first "thought of nothing cruel or base," but who, "because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, came at last to commit some of the basest deeds."

Our sympathies incline towards the handsome Greek youth who arrives in Florence amid the tumult and discontent following the death of that magnificent tyrant, Lorenzo de Medici. We know not yet all that the false, selfish years are to bring forth, or that the bright, open-faced adventurer has an adopted father now in Moslem slavery. And Tito is possessed of jewels sufficient for a ransom; here comes the first subtle temptation. He knows not where to search for Baldassarre; he will wait for some clue, at least. He sells the jewels and invests the money. Why throw aside the literary and political career which his talents have already opened up for

him? Nello, that droll and wonderful barber-littérateur, introduces him to the blind old scholar Bardo di Bardi. Little wonder that after the youth's bright visits to their secluded abode, the lonely man and his young companionless daughter regard him as son, and more than brother. Happy months pass, and the young people are married. One day, when the city of Florence is in a ferment through the preachings of Savonarola, Baldassarre comes unexpectedly upon the scene—a mental wreck in whom former love for Tito has developed into the one overmastering passion for revenge. All thought for his father, save to regard him as an avenging Nemesis, forsakes the young politician. Subterfuge in private life, as in State affairs, now becomes his constant recourse. The white, statuesque beauty, and the almost austere purity of soul in his golden-haired wife now chill rather than inspire his debased nature. How bitter the revulsion in the gentle-minded Romola at the discovery of his perfidy toward her buried father, in betraying the trust of an executor! How patient her living response to the fervent command of Savonarola to bear still her cross as a wife! But his baseness is now to be revealed in full to her, and in part to the world: his triple plot with the Medici, the old aristocracy, and the commons; his denial and ill-treatment of Baldassarre; his deception of simple Tessa, the mother of his peasant children. The toils close about the fated man; pursued by an enraged mob he seeks escape in the river. Struggling wearily ashore, he finds himself at the mercy of the long-waiting old man whom he had so foully wronged. The clutching fingers do their fatal work; Baldassarre's life-worn spirit, over-satiated with fulfilled revenge, goes to stand before Him who said "Vengeance is mine." Romola finds the true purpose in living—life for others—and makes her home with the little family of the childish Tessa, who, in her simple ignorance, still worships in memory the one whose life was falsehood.

Vividly mirrored in the delineation of Tito's character is the condition of Florentine society during the Renaissance period. It was an existence of brilliant externals, intellectual and temporal wealth, but whose every seeming success depended upon subtle intrigue and the subserviency of all means to a desired end. As at the very core of Tito's career lay the canker of deception, so, too, this national hypocrisy sought to form, from a society lax in morality and lacking in true public spirit, a state with a factitious appearance of perfection in government. In reality vice and crime were never more prevalent; the New Learning served only externally to adorn them. The one influence toward social morality was the personality of Savonarola—the fervent and mystical Dominican friar. Filled with a horror at the growing corruption about him, and discerning something of a probable foreign influence in the affairs of the peninsula, he called upon his countrymen to accept the scourge of heaven which, in the person of Charles VIII. of France, was to drive from Italy all that polluted her life. In trying to reach the debased masses, he himself, perhaps, so lowered his means of attainment that he vitiated the strenuous efforts to realize his exalted end. But the powers of evil overwhelmed him "not because of his sins but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world but because he sought to make it noble." His endeavour toward reform proved but an impotent reaction against the characteristic trend of the nation. It was not merely that an individual reformer was needed. True moral force could come only from a nation with a deeper moral consciousness than that possessed by fallen Italia—then, as in later years,

"Of her own past impassioned nympholept."

The moral effects of the classic revival of learning were at most negative and incredulous; its spirit was mocking and cynical. The common people remained sunk in superstition; the higher classes became in heart anti-

Christian, though "pliantly submissive" to ecclesiastical form from motives of self-interest. At best, the religion of Italy during the period was emotional and ritualistic rather than ethical. Savonarola and Tito are extremes typical of two characteristic tendencies of the age—the one experiencing visions of pious exaltation, the other giving only formal observance to the "profitable fable of Christ." Those like the latter, absorbed in the pleasures of culture, luxury and power, only contributed to the nation's moral stagnation; those of the first type, visionary and mystical, at most stirred only the surface scum. Thus vitiated, the Italian race, as well as being incapacitated for moral effort, was impotent for political action or resistance. A precarious equilibrium was maintained among the separate States only by intrigue and the employment of mercenary troops. The overthrow of this, as is shown in "Romola," was brought about when Charles VIII. led a French army across the Alps. The degree of helplessness to which the Italians had fallen became disastrously evident during the long

years following, when the peninsula became the battle-field of Spanish, French, and German forces.

Interesting it is to note that of the two women-authors to whom the English-speaking race awards the palm of genius, each has found in "beauteous Florence" the human environment and scenic colour for a masterpiece. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "From Casa Guida Windows," throbs with the re-asserting life of a long-enslaved race. "*Bella Liberta*" is its refrain, and its sympathetic fervour was of, and for, the present. George Eliot's novel, "Romola," pictures a time long past—the glorious, soulless noon of splendour in the City of Flowers—the age of culture, intrigue, and vice, whose spirit has been embodied by Robert Browning, as by no one else, in "The Grammarian's Funeral" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." But though delineating lives of long ago, the moral energy of the novel is as truly of to-day as that of the poem. And if the impassioned singer of the latter moves us as "A Priestess of Liberty," her sister appeals to us surely as "A Priestess of Right."

Stambury R. Tarr.

THE MODERN ENGLISH GIRL.*

BY MADAME SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS," ETC.

THOSE who look upon the modern girl as in some sort the result of their own efforts for the emancipation of her sex watch her progress with very mixed feelings. In so far as she is an improvement on the girls of other days, it is a joy to contemplate her; but in view of her failings there is cause for disheartenment. We must remember, however, that she is so much stronger, so much more pronounced in every way than her colourless predecessor, that what would have passed for an amiable trait in a girl of the past generation stands out as a fine quality in the girl of to-day; while, on the other hand, those little weaknesses which provoked

the mild recurrent ridicule of our ancestors threaten now to develop into faults or failings with which society will have to reckon.

Strength is one of the coming characteristics of the modern English girl. It is as if nature were fitting her to be the mother of men who will keep us in our proud place as the dominant race. She begins already to show herself superior to the girls of other nations in her courage, and the fineness of her physique, in the soundness of her judgment, and in her knowledge of life, and her capacity for dealing with the problems which beset her.

There was a picture, some little time

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ago, in illustration of an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, in one of the weekly papers, which showed very happily the difference between the two girls. The picture was divided into two sections. In the one an old-fashioned girl, very gentle, sweet, and helpless in appearance, stood beside her mother, by whom she was being sheltered from contact with the outside world. She knew nothing, she was fearful of everything, her intelligence was undeveloped, her character unformed—and in that state she was expected to remain up till the time of her marriage, when she was required to blossom forth into a fully-formed woman, and take upon herself successfully the difficult and complicated duties of mistress of a household and mother of children, as if the necessary knowledge came by instinct. Such was the reason and logic of her day. No wonder in the result she became a subject for ridicule to those who had not heart enough to perceive that she was a subject for sorrow. In the other section of the picture a girl comes riding down the road alone on her bicycle, a slight strong figure, alive, alert, her superabundant vitality, her joy in life and action visible in her whole pose. One knew that she would steer her way through life, as she was steering her way through the traffic of the crowded street, with grace and skill, and arrive at last at her destination, her place of rest, the brighter and the better for all that she had encountered, accomplished and survived.

Which is the better part? The elderly woman of a passive generation who is out of sympathy with the active service of this, and sees only the dangers which undoubtedly surround our advance, holds up the ideal of the sheltered girl. She would have girls to continue delicate, supersensitive—leave them with every nerve exposed to suffer the jars and shocks of a world they cannot avoid, a world which was not arranged for their benefit, but only so as to make them suffer. Happily, it is for the girl herself to choose which she would

rather be, the gentle namby-pamby, of little consequence, never at ease, incapable of independent action, unfitted for liberty, a dependent and a parasite from the cradle to the grave, or that nobler girl who is not the less tender because she is self-reliant, nor the less womanly because she has the power to resent insult and imposition. A woman cannot be developed into a man, and, therefore, when a woman is strengthened she is strengthened in womanliness, which surely is a desirable consummation. But just as there were fine characters developed by the old inadequate system of education, so may there be much that is regrettable brought out as a result of the new and better method. What should be guarded against is letting go; let nothing go that is good.

A truism of culture insists that it is good to be gracious, gentle, loving, kind and true; these are qualities of noble womanhood which should be jealously guarded by women. But one of the great difficulties of education is that the same training results in quite opposite effects on different characters. What produces the happiest results on one temperament may be disastrous to another; ideas which make one girl a capable gentlewoman will make another a vulgar hoyden, and there is no help for it in the system. The same, broadly speaking, must be applied to all. There may be modifications to suit special cases, but the modifications must be managed by individuals at their own discretion. The different effects are probably due to personal equation, natural bent, something in the blood, but they are also due to the girl's own ideal of life, and to the influence of associates who are either helping her instructors or at war with them. It is a thankless task to find fault with others; but with ourselves or our work, when we find fault, the tonic property of the discipline helps us to bear it. Still, it goes against the grain to have to admit that our countrywomen are inferior in anything to the women of other nations; but it is well to be watchful, especially at the present



MADAME SARAH GRAND.

period of their progress, lest they become so. So far they have not deteriorated, and there is good hope that they will not deteriorate; but, on the contrary, advance in spite of the dangers that beset them. At the present time, however, they seem to have entered upon what threatens to be an ugly phase.

On returning to England after a prolonged absence, one is painfully struck by the fact that there is one thing in which the modern English girl, with all her advantages, tends to be deficient, and that is charm of manner. The boy remains much the same, but the girl has lost a good deal of the natural dainty diffidence of youth; she thinks too much of herself, too little of other people; and that this should be the case is anything but a credit to her. In return for all that society concedes to her to-day in the way of education, physical training and independence, she should at least show a desire to please. She has a great objection to disagreeable people, yet she takes no trouble to make herself agreeable. When she is out of temper she does not conceal the fact. In her home-life she is apt to be selfish, and in society she is only genial when it suits herself. She walks with a stride, she elbows people about in a crowd, she asserts herself on all occasions, and there is a conceited "I'm as good as you are" sort of air about her, a want of becoming deference to people older than herself, which is peculiarly unlovely, not to say offensive, and proclaims her at once underbred and ungenerous—ungenerous in that she accepts every privilege bestowed upon her, but offers nothing in return, cultivates none of the gentle dignity, the grace, with which women can add so much to the beauty of life. In this world, if we would be happy, we must give as well as take; but, for the moment, the policy of the modern girl seems to be to take all that she can get, and give nothing.

This, at least, is one's first impression of her after one has been accustomed to the grace, sweetness, ele-

gance and perfect breeding of girls of all classes in France. The little laundress who brings home the washing, and is concerned about a morsel of lace torn from a pocket-handkerchief; the waitress at a country inn who takes infinite pains to think of things with which to tempt the precarious appetite of madame; the overworked *bonne* who yet finds time for the flowers which she knows one loves; the sempstress hurrying home, who readily goes out of her own way to show us ours; the shop-girl behind her counter, who is more anxious to oblige a customer than to palm off her wares—any and every girl you speak to responds with smiling deference—not to your rank, but to your individuality; with perfect self-possession, but an utter absence of self-consciousness; with an evident desire to please, which lends to her manner the ease, the simplicity and the distinction which in England is only associated in our minds with the manners of people of the highest birth.

There are those who will say that our girls may thank their emancipation for their gaucheness, that liberty of action, over-education, and the bicycle are at fault—as if restraint, ignorance, and walking exercise only were compatible with a gracious demeanour. That we could not be both refined and independent was the cry raised by the opponents of any change in the position of women, and now they are saying: "We told you so." But they are wrong as to cause and effect, for surely the most daringly independent women were those who brought about the changes which were so bitterly opposed, and these women were not wanting in refinement. In fact, the ones to whom we owe most were women whose gentle diffidence and sweetness of manner won us our partisans from among the great majority of people who are susceptible to charm, but impervious to argument. There has been nothing in the woman movement to coarsen women, and if her advantages have had the effect, not of helping, but of hindering the advance

of the modern girl, it is not more her fault than the fault of those who have had the direction of her early training. Sufficient attention has not been paid to her manners. Instead of being taught to improve herself, she has been left to conclude that she is all that she ought to be. Manner is a thing that must be cultivated to be brought to perfection, and the trouble with her is that only too often when left to her own devices she does not realize the necessity, she has no idea how unattractive she is, nor how much more she might make of herself and her acquirements by adding to them, by way of finishing touch, a desire to please—and that, not only on occasion but always, no matter where she may be, nor whom she may address. For good manners are a decoration that must be worn continually if they are to sit well upon us. They must be a fundamental part of the character, an evidence of unselfishness, delicate consideration for the feelings of others, powers of

appreciation, and many other good qualities. If manners make the man, they make the woman in a still more essential degree, a degree, that is, which is more essential to the well-being of the community at large; for if the women do not preserve the refinements of life, and hand them on from one generation to another; then the refinements of life must go altogether. There are people who boast a dislike to ceremony, but experience teaches that "I don't stand upon ceremony" is a person to be avoided, a gritty kind of person who is certain to grate upon us sooner or later. A rigid etiquette simplifies social relations just as a place for everything and everything in its place simplifies the business of life and adds to our comfort. If the modern girl would be a success in her time she would do well to remember for her own sake as well as for that of others that

. . . Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

Madame Sarah Grand.



EVENTIDE.

I SIT and rock in the shadows gray
As the darkness spreads o'er the dying day,
And I listen the voice of my Floyven fair
Speak the words of age with a childlike air;
And I long to live in the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

I turn from a world of doubt and sin
And I dare not look my own heart within;
But I cuddle my bairn closer up to my breast
As she falls asleep in a perfect rest,
And I pray for the faith and the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

Frank Lawson.

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyagers until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

IV.—THE HEROES OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR (1756-1763).

FRANCE and England entered on the struggle for dominion in America about the same time, but by the middle of the eighteenth century the communities founded by the latter exhibited a vigour and vitality which were never illustrated in the development of the poor and struggling settlements of Canada and Louisiana. The total population of New France—that is, of all the French possessions in North America—did not then exceed 80,000 souls, of whom 70,000 were inhabitants of the country on the St. Lawrence, chiefly of the Montreal and Quebec districts. For many years settlement and tillage were retarded by the attention that was paid to the fur-trade and the nomadic habits of the youth who were lured away to the wilderness by a spirit of adventure and love for the free life of the forest and river. Through the seigniorial tenure was intended, and actually did something for the encouragement of agriculture, yet on the whole its results were not at all commensurate with the expectations of its early promoters. The seigniors themselves did relatively little to bring their lands into a profitable condition, while the majority of the *habitants* were poor farmers and never raised a sufficiency of food for the country when it was most needed. In the early days of the colony the Iroquois harassed the settlements and prevented extensive and regular culture, and when the French regime was drawing to its close the exactions of the Government and its demands upon the people, capable of bearing arms, were

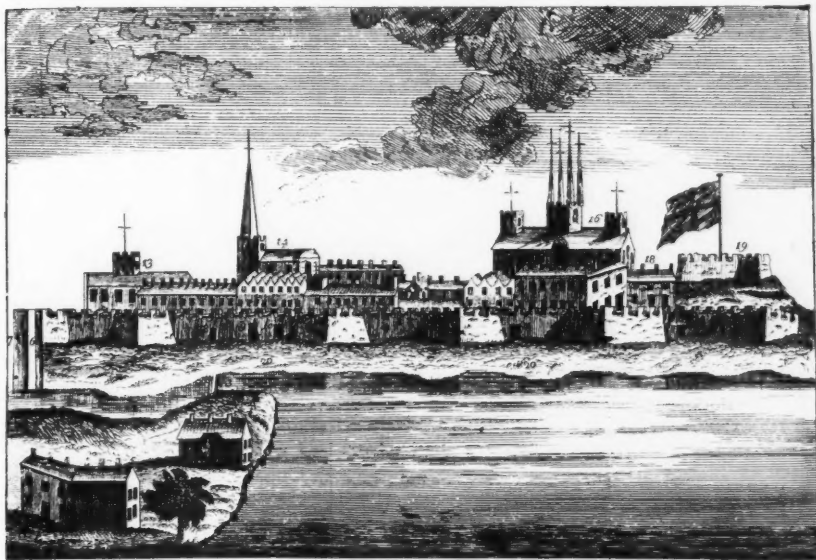
fatal to steady farming occupations. Indeed, in the towns of Quebec and Montreal there was more than once an insufficiency of food for the garrison, and horse flesh had to be given to prevent starvation. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of a ship from France, laden with provisions, in the spring of 1759, Quebec would have been unable to feed its army and inhabitants.

The few seigniors that were well-to-do spent their little means in Quebec and Montreal, where the officials and military lived gay and even dissolute lives. Of commerce, domestic or foreign, there was none in a large sense. A few French merchants and monopolists, in league with corrupt officials, controlled the markets and robbed a long-suffering and patient people. Indeed, it may be said that French Canada was nursed from an early time in corruption and prepared by the French regime for the advantages that the strife of political parties under English popular government offers to "free and independent electors." The names of Bigot, and other French officials of the last years of French administration are justly execrated by honest French Canadians as robbers of the State and people in the hours when the country was on the verge of ruin. Gold and silver were never seen by the mass of the people, and paper promises to pay, known as card money, were widely circulated from early times and never for the most part redeemed.

The Governor and Intendant, with the assistance of a Superior Council, ruled the people under the authority

derived from the French King, to whom reference had to be made in all doubtful and unprovided cases. Of government, as known to Englishmen in all Colonial conditions, there was no sign whatever. The people obeyed the decrees of the King or ordinances of the Colonial authorities without having the right to protest or even murmur. They obeyed the mandates of the civil and military authorities with the same submission that they yielded to the

French Canadians moved as a unit when orders were once received from the militia captains and other officials, through whom the State issued instructions. Men left their farms and workshops at the call of France, and though there must have been often sore hearts, especially in the closing years of French dominion when the prospect seemed so gloomy, yet the patient, loyal French people on the banks of the St. Lawrence never failed to rally to the



A Perspective View of the Town and Fortifications of Montreal in Canada. D. Poirer, del. J. Smith, sculp.

1. River St. Lawrence. 2. St. Peter's River. 3. A Bridge Over St. Peter's River. 4. M. de la Calliere's House. 5. The General Hospital. 6. A Dry Ditch, 8 feet deep. 7. The Glacis. 8. The Small Gate. 9. Market Gate. 10. St. Mary's Gate. 11. Water Gate. 12. The Sally-post. 13. The Recollet's Convent. 14. The Parish Church. 15. The Nunnery-Hospital. 16. The Jesuit's Church and Seminary. 17. The Palace of M. Vaudreuil, Governor-General of Canada. 18. M. de Longueuil's House. 19. The Citadel. 20. The Wharf. (Taken from "A Complete History of the Late War," Dublin, 1774.)

bishop and curé in all religious and parochial matters. Though this autocratic system prevented that independence of judgment and freedom of action, enjoyed and exercised by the English Colonies in their local affairs and in their relations with the mother country, it had one advantage at critical times. No legislature hampered the plans of French officials for the defence and security of the province. The

defence of the country for which they and their fathers had toiled and suffered for nearly a century and a half under the most enormous disadvantages.

France possessed an empire in America, but she never had people enough within its vast domain to hold it. Had her King and his ministers ever seriously listened to the urgent appeals often made to them by men like De la Galissonnière and other prescient Cana-



THE RT.-HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Who in 1756 succeeded Fox as Secretary of State, and who selected Wolfe for the work which he accomplished in 1759.

dian Governors, who recognized the necessity of bringing a large population to the villages of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, the destiny of Canada might not have been so speedily decided in 1759 and 1760. The needs of Canada and Louisiana were always men and money. After the beginning of the eighteenth century the emigration from France appears to have practically ceased, and the population of New France at the time of the conquest were chiefly the descendants of the immigrants that came to America during the second half of the seventeenth century. By 1753 France claimed dominion over the great valleys of North America—of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi. She had a few straggling villages and posts in the very garden of the "Old Northwest"—the Illinois Country—and on the lower Mississippi, but the total population of New France from the Lakes to

the Gulf of Mexico did not exceed 10,000 souls.

On the other hand, the English Colonies occupied only a narrow fringe of territory extending on the Atlantic coast from the Penobscot River to Spanish Florida. They were pent up between the ocean and the Appalachian ridges, beyond which their most venturesome pioneers never attempted to pass until the French had fairly won by their daring and enterprise the Illinois country and even occupied the Ohio valley. But relatively insignificant as was the range of territory on which the British Colonial communities had grown up in the course of fourteen decades of years, it illustrated the industry, energy and business capacity of

the British race wherever it obtains a firm footing. The town of Boston, then the most populous and wealthy place, had larger trade and wealth than the whole of Canada. Its shipping interests were large, its trade was most extensive, its people—and this is true of the whole of New England—enjoyed self-government to a remarkable degree, and its system of popular schools was excellent. The total population of the British Colonies at the beginning of the Seven Years' War was nearly twenty times larger than that of Canada and Louisiana combined. In all that constitutes happiness, comfort and strength the people of the Thirteen Colonies had every possible superiority over the depressed community on the St. Lawrence. Indeed, it is not possible to make any comparisons in these respects between the American Colonies of the two rival nations. The Colonies of Great Britain were free, self-

governing communities that had grown and prospered under the system of indifference and neglect which distinguished her colonial policy in those days, and allowed the people to develop those characteristics of indomitable energy and perseverance which are so thoroughly British. The colonies of France were repressed from their birth by the illiberal system of government which prevailed throughout France and her possessions, and never allowed free expansion of thought and action. Much allowance, of course, must be made for the differences in the respective characters of Englishman and Frenchman. One was accustomed to liberty of thought and action just as the other was crushed beneath the heels of civil and ecclesiastical autocracy. The one resented too much government, while the other bowed to it as one of the national conditions of his existence. The French Canadian was the mere puppet of the State, while the British colonist felt his responsibility as a free man and citizen. Even in the time of war he acted with a freedom which too often prevented that unity of action essential to military success. British governors and commanders found themselves constantly hampered by the jealousies of self-asserting, independent colonies, and the claims of each to be separately consulted. Had there been always unity of co-operation on the part of the populous and prosperous British Colonies from Massachusetts to Carolina—had there been a larger spirit of patriotism—had there been a national sentiment which could have embraced all the Colonies, and evoking the

made New England feel like Virginia, Quebec might have fallen much earlier in the eighteenth century. As it was, however, the self-sacrificing, patriotic spirit of the small French population of Canada, and the military genius of soldiers like Frontenac, Duquesne, Montcalm and Lévis maintained and even extended French dominion in the face of the growing population and wealth of colonies on the Atlantic coast.

From the very commencement of the rivalry between England and France in America the French had one advantage over the English, and that arose from their readiness to mingle with the Indian tribes, and their ability to win their friendship and even their affection. It was Champlain's fatal error—or, at least, his mistaken policy, in



MARQUIS DE MONTCALM (1712-1759)

inveterate hostility of the bravest and strongest Indian nations of America, the Iroquois Confederacy—that alone prevented the French from becoming at an early date masters of the Lake Champlain region, of a large portion of New York State, and of the Ohio valley, and otherwise adding to the perils of the British Colonies on the Atlantic coast. The Dutch entered into the valley of the Hudson almost contemporaneously with Champlain, and succeeded by their honest and judicious policy in obtaining the friendship

and confidence of the Iroquois, then deeply incensed against the French. When the English subsequently came into possession of the valuable country now known as the State of New York, they found the Iroquois friendly disposed and ready

to exchange furs for ammunition and English goods. These cunning Indians saw the benefit they would derive from having easy access to people whom they recognized as rivals of their hated enemies on the St. Lawrence. For years Canada's prosperity was retarded by the murderous raids of these ruthless savages, and it was only when Frontenac effectively humbled them that the country was able to settle down to industrial occupations. Up to the breaking out of the Seven Years' War the power of the Confederacy had

been greatly weakened, and a number of Christian Indians had even been induced from an early date to settle in the vicinity of Montreal. It was the policy of the English to win the Confederacy, then known as the Six Nations, entirely to their side. Indeed, by the Treaty of Utrecht France practically recognized them as subjects of Great Britain. In later years the Confederacy made treaties with representatives of the Colonies which gave them presumably large territorial rights. But such a title as they could give to western

lands had a questionable value. Iroquois Conquest, as Parkman has truly said, did not mean occupation and dominion. But the Iroquois were not always to be relied on by the English. According as success crowned the arms of the French the allegiance of



ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

these Indians wavered, and had it not been for the efforts of Sir William Johnson, who had a thorough comprehension of the Indian character and enjoyed their confidence and respect to an exceptional degree, large numbers might have been found more than once fighting on the French side, or at least have become neutrals. But apart from this confederacy, all the other Indian tribes of the continent, who were not within the territory of the English Colonies—the tribes of the Northwest, even the wandering Sioux, the nations in the

valley of the Ohio, the Algonquins and Wyandots of the St. Lawrence valley, the Abenakis of Maine, the Etchemins and Souriquois of Acadia—all these were unswerving allies of the French. The English settler or trader had never been able, as a rule, to win the friendship of the Indian tribes. He was always a stranger to their customs, and was never heartily welcomed at their camp-fires, like the French *coureur de bois* or *voyageur*. The Frenchman studied and imitated their habits, took to himself an Indian wife, or mistress, according to his pleasure, shared their savage feasts and orgies. Frontenac did not think it beneath his dignity to take part in their dances, and he is only an illustrious example of the aptitude of the French of all classes to adapt themselves to Indian conditions, and in that way win their friendship. At the same time, the French met the Indians on a basis of equality—not in that spirit of superiority and arrogance which too often characterized the relations

of the English with the savage nations, and which they with their keen sagacity at once detected and resented. The French understood Indian nature, and made their gifts, not with an air of condescension, but with an obvious desire to please a friend and equal. The Indian character is a strange compound of cupidity and meanness. At the same time, he has, under some circumstances, an exaggerated idea of his own dignity and importance as a chief or warrior. The French understood his susceptibilities in these respects, and never wounded

them by treating them as a child or a woman, which was the greatest insult that could be heaped on them. Frontenac and Callières knew when to be firm, and even stern, in their negotiations with them; but they never insulted them by exhibitions of meanness or stinginess, or made them believe they were attempting to gain an advantage over them. The Indians always knew they could depend on the promises of their French allies and would not be cheated out of their lands or furs. On the other hand, English traders, generally of a low class, brought Englishmen more or less into disrepute among the Indians.

With these general remarks on the condition of the English and French Colonies, I shall now proceed to refer to some of the events that preceded the Seven Years' War. After the Treaty of Utrecht, France recognized the mistake she had made in giving up Acadia, and devoted her attention to the Island of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, on whose south-east-



ADMIRAL SAUNDERS.

ern coast soon arose the fortifications of Louisbourg. In the course of years this fortress became a menace to English interests in Acadia and New England. In 1745 the town was taken by a force of New England volunteers, led by General Pepperrell, a discreet and able colonist, and a small English squadron under the command of Commodore, afterwards Admiral, Warren both of whom were rewarded by the Imperial Government for their distinguished services on this memorable occasion. France, however, appreciated the importance of Isle Royale, and



This is the only portrait of Wolfe known to have been painted from life. It represents him in the first regiment with which he served. The original is in the possession of Colonel Warde, of Squerryes Court.

middle of the eighteenth century, a thrifty, industrious and simple-minded people, easily influenced by French agents, called themselves "Neutrals," and could not be forced to take the unqualified oath of allegiance which was demanded of them by the authorities at Halifax. The English Government was now determined to act with firmness in a province where their interests had been so long neglected, and where the French inhabitants had in the course of forty years shown no disposition to consider themselves British subjects and discharge their obligations to the British Crown. France had raised the contention that the Acadia ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht was not the Acadia which included the present province of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the greater part of Maine, but only Nova Scotia, and, indeed, only a portion of that peninsula according to some French authorities. Commissioners were appointed by the two Powers to settle the question of boundaries—of the meaning of "Acadia, with its ancient boundaries," but their negotiations came to naught, and the issue was only settled by the arbitrament of war. The French built the forts of Beauséjour and Gaspereau—the latter a mere palisade—on the Isthmus of Chignecto, which became the rendezvous of the French Acadians, whom the former persuaded by promises or threats to join their fortunes. In 1755 a force of English and Colonial troops, under the command of Colonels Moncton, Winslow and Scott, captured these forts, and this success was followed by the banishment of the Acadian French. This cruel act of Governor Lawrence and the English authorities at Halifax was no doubt largely influenced by the sentiment of leading men in New England, who were apprehensive of the neighbourhood of so large a number of an alien people, who could not be induced to prove their loyalty to Great Britain, and

obtained its restoration in exchange for Madras in the East Indies, where an English trading company had grown up since the days of Queen Elizabeth. England then decided to strengthen herself in Acadia, where France retained her hold on the French Acadian population through the secret influence of her emissaries, chiefly missionaries, and accordingly established a town on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, ever since known as Halifax, in honour of a prominent statesman of those times. The seat of government was removed from the town of Annapolis Royal, where the old fort had been held for years by only a small force of English soldiers, entirely unequal to the duty of effectually awing the large number of French Acadians, who were then settled in the Annapolis valley, on the fertile lands bordering the streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy, and on the Isthmus of Chignecto, which connects Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. These French settlers, about twelve thousand in all by the



Jam: Wolfe.

Copy of a painting of Wolfe, by Schaak, in the National Portrait Gallery, London, England.

might, in case of continued French successes in America, become open and dangerous foes. But while there are writers who defend this sad incident of American history on the ground of stern national necessity at a critical period in the affairs of this continent, all humanity that listens to the dictates of the heart and tender feeling will always deplore the exile of those hapless people. One would fain believe that other measures, less cruel in their consequences, could have been devised and successfully consummated to bring the contumacious Acadians to their senses and make them eventually loyal British subjects. But while we pity these exiles and condemn the sternness of the resolve that drove them from the lands which they had tiled with so much industry, it is well to remember that in the conflicts of old

times between the French and English Colonies humane counsels too rarely dominated, and the annals of *la petite guerre*, which constantly devastated parts of New England, are full of the stories of murdered men, women and children. Even Frontenac, brave soldier and statesman, was ready to carry out a bold plan by which all the British and Dutch people in what is now New York State would be forcibly driven from their homes and their places taken by the French. It was left for Englishmen in a later century to carry out a cruel scheme first suggested by the ablest Governor of the French regime. I do not, however, mention this historical fact as any extenuating circumstance for the expulsion of the



WOLFE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

unhappy farmers of Acadia, but simply to show how in times of war men of the highest character are deaf to all dictates of humanity.

Previous to the expulsion of the Acadians from their happy homes on the meadows of Grand Pré and Minas, England had sustained a severe defeat in the valley of the Ohio, which created much alarm throughout the English colonies, and probably had some influence on the fortunes of this unhappy people. France had formally taken possession of the Ohio country, and established forts in 1753 on French Creek, at its junction with the Alleghany and at the forks of the Ohio. Both De La Galissonnière and Duquesne, when governors, immediately recog-

nized the value of a valley which lay between Canada and the Mississippi, and was so necessary to the security of the American dominions of France. Adventurous British pioneers were at last commencing to cross the Alleghenies, and a company had been formed with the express intention of stimulating settlement in the valley. George Washington, at the head of a small Colonial force, was defeated in his attempt to drive the English from the Ohio, and the English Government was compelled to send out a large body of regular troops under the command of General Braddock, who met defeat and death on the banks of the Monongahela. General Johnson, on the other hand, defeated a force of French regulars, Canadian Militia and Indians, under General Dieskau, at the southern end of Lake George.

In 1756 war was publicly proclaimed between France and England, although, as we have just seen, it had already broken out many months previously in the forests of America. When the two Powers met in a final struggle France had to face a vastly superior force of English regular and Colonial troops as well as a great fleet sent to American waters, but, at the same time, she had in her favour the loyal support of the French-Canadians, the advantage of an apparently impregnable position at Quebec, and the defence of numerous forts which commanded the approaches to the French possessions. Louisbourg protected the entrance to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Quebec had been strengthened since the days of Frontenac, and was believed to be safe from any assailants. The approaches to Montreal by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River were defended by forts at Crown Point, Ticonderoga and St. Jean. Lake Ontario was defended on the east by Fort Frontenac, and on the west by Fort Niagara, which was considered the Canadian key to the Ohio valley, and, indeed, to the whole western country. Forts at Detroit, Mackinaw and the Sault gave additional security for French interests in the basin of the

great lakes. Other forts and posts in the country watered by the Wisconsin, Illinois, Wabash and Maumee, protected the great western region and prevented access to the Mississippi, whose mouth was defended by New Orleans. Canada, consequently, attempted to keep up a connection between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence through her vast territory by means of a cordon of forts and posts, separated, in the majority of cases, by great distances from each other, but still a source of strength in her ambitious plan of dominion had she ever had a sufficient force of men to hold them.

During the Seven Years' War England's ally, Frederick the Great, gained the victories of Rossbach, Leuthen and Minden, and laid the foundations of the present empire of Germany. India was virtually won for England by Clive at Plassy, and France was compelled to give up her ambitious designs in America and cede Canada to her rival, and Louisiana to Spain. It was the genius of the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, that mainly brought about such momentous results. Through his energetic and prescient statesmanship England supported Frederick, and Wolfe was chosen to assail Quebec.

During the first two years of the war in America the English forces sustained several disasters through the incompetency of the English Commanders on land and sea. The French were now led by the Marquis de Montcalm, distinguished both as a soldier of great ability and as a man of varied intellectual accomplishments. In the early part of his Canadian campaign he was most fortunate. Fort William Henry, at the foot of Lake George, and Fort Oswego, on the south side of Lake Ontario, were captured, but his signal victory at the former place was sullied by the massacre of defenceless men, women and children by his Indian allies, although it is now admitted by all impartial writers that he did his utmost to prevent so sad a sequel to his triumph. The English Commander-in-Chief, Lord Loudoun,

assembled a large military force at Halifax in 1757 for the purpose of making a descent on Louisbourg; but he returned to New York without accomplishing anything, when he heard of the disastrous affair of William Henry, for which he was largely responsible on account of having failed to give sufficient support to the defenders of the fort. Admiral Holbourne sailed to Louisbourg, but he did not succeed in coming to an engagement with the French fleet then anchored in the harbour, and the only result of his expedition was the loss of several of his ships on the reefs of that foggy, rocky coast.

In 1758 Pitt had full control of foreign and Colonial affairs. He determined to enter on a vigorous campaign against France in America. No statesman ever enjoyed to a greater degree the esteem and confidence of the great middle and commercial classes of the people than the elder Pitt. The same faith he felt himself in the resources of the nation he was able to inspire in others. He was an opponent of aristocratic nepotism in the administration of military and naval affairs, and chose his instruments for their ability and not for their family influence. For America he chose Amherst, Boscawen, Howe, Forbes,

Wolfe, Lawrence and Whitman. Abercromby was unfortunately allowed to remain in place of Loudoun, but it was expected by Pitt and others that Lord Howe, one of the best soldiers in the British army, would make up for the military weakness of that commander. Louisbourg, Fort Duquesne, and the forts on Lake George, were the immediate objects of attack. Abercromby at the head of a noble force failed ignominiously in his assault on Ticonderoga, and Lord Howe was one of the first to fall in that unhappy and ill-managed battle. Amherst and Boscawen, on the other hand, took Louisbourg, where Wolfe displayed great energy and contributed largely to the success of the enterprise. Forbes was able to occupy the important fort at the forks of the Ohio, which gave to the English control of the beautiful

country to the west of the Alleghanies. Fort Frontenac was taken by Bradstreet, and Prince Edward Island, then called Ile St. Jean, was occupied by an English force as the necessary consequence of the fall of the Cape Breton fortress. The nation felt that its confidence in Pitt was fully justified and that the power of France in America was soon to be effectually broken.

It does not fall within the scope of



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

WOLFE'S PROFILE.

this paper to describe the battles and sieges that distinguished the campaign in America; all that the writer can do is to recall the services of the illustrious men who fought and struggled for both England and France at this crisis in the destiny of their respective nations. Both Powers were well represented in that famous war. Montcalm, Levis and Bourlamaque were men no way inferior to Amherst, Wolfe and Murray, though success at the last crowned the efforts of the latter. All were heroes equally by virtue of their endeavours in the cause they were called upon by duty and patriotism to sustain. Defeat does not lower the Frenchmen in our esteem. The monument which was placed in later times on the heights of Quebec bore expressive testimony to the common courage and genius of Montcalm and Wolfe.

In 1759 and 1760 Pitt's designs were crowned with signal success. Wolfe proved at Quebec that the statesman had not overestimated his value as a soldier and leader. Wolfe was supported by Brigadiers Monckton, Townshend, Murray and Guy Carleton—the latter a distinguished figure in the later annals of Canada. The fleet was commanded by Admirals Saunders, Durell and Holmes, all of whom rendered most effective service. The English occupied the Island of Orleans and the heights of Lévis, from which they were able to keep up a most destructive fire on the Capital. The whole effective force under Wolfe did not reach 9,000 men, or 5,000 less than the regular and Colonial army under Montcalm, whose lines extended behind batteries and earthworks from the St. Charles River, which washes the base of the rocky heights of the town, as far as the falls of Montmorency. The French held an impregnable position which their General decided to maintain at all hazards, despite the constant efforts of Wolfe for weeks to force him to the issue of battle. Above the city for many miles there were steep heights, believed to be unapproachable, and guarded at all important points by detachments of soldiery. Wolfe failed

in an attempt which he made at Beauport to force Montcalm from his defences, and suffered a considerable loss through the rashness of his grenadiers. This disaster preyed upon his mind and added to his physical infirmities, which prevented his active service for a short time. The army, who loved and had every confidence in their Commander, were becoming quite despondent, when he happily rallied and resolved on the bold stroke which succeeded, by virtue of its very audacity, in deceiving his opponent, and giving the victory to the English. A rugged and dangerous path was used at night up those very heights to the west of the fortress which were believed to be unassailable. Bougainville, whose special duty it was to guard these banks, had been suddenly called away to Cape Rouge, eight miles up the river, to watch the movements of that section of the English fleet which had succeeded in reaching that point with a large portion of the army intended to carry out Wolfe's plan of attack. Bougainville, like Montcalm himself, never contemplated that it was proposed to climb a cliff which the latter confidently believed "a hundred men could easily defend against the whole British army." All the circumstances favoured the bold design of Wolfe, who marshalled his little army on the plains of Abraham on the morning of that 13th of September now so memorable in Canadian annals. The point chosen for the climbing of the cliff is now known as Wolfe's cove, but its name in 1759 was *Anse au Foulon*.

The contest was short and decisive. Wolfe had probably 4,500 men, and Montcalm several hundred more, to fight one of the great battles of history. The French General has been censured for not having awaited the coming up of Bougainville who had 2,000 men in his command, and for having too readily accepted the challenge of the English army on the plains of Abraham. Montcalm, however, recognized the necessity of preventing any reinforcement from reaching Wolfe, and hoped his superior numbers would make up

for their inferiority in discipline and equipment compared with the smaller English force. His expectations were never realized. In a few minutes the French were piled in heaps on the plains as they met the deadly fire of the English lines, and Montcalm was forced to retreat with the beaten remnant of his army. Wolfe received several wounds, and died on the battlefield, but not before he was conscious of his victory. "God be praised," were his dying words, "I now die in peace." His brave adversary was mortally wounded while seeking the protection of Quebec, and was buried in a cavity which a shell had made in the floor of the chapel of the Ursuline convent. A few days later Quebec capitulated. Had Lévis been on the scene of battle and able to assume command when Montcalm was wounded, perhaps the demoralized army might have been rallied and able with the aid of Bougainville to give battle again to the English, and delay the fall of the Capital. But Lévis was at Montreal, then believed to be in danger from Amherst, who held possession of the French forts on Lakes George and Champlain; and when he did arrive it was too late. Vaudreuil had failed to support Ramsay at Quebec, which was given up five days after the English victory. Wolfe's body was taken to England, where it was received with all the honours due to his great achievement. General Murray was left in command at Quebec, and was defeated in the following spring by Lévis in the battle of Ste. Foye, which raised the hopes of the French until the appearance of English ships in the river relieved the beleaguered garrison and decided for ever the fate of Quebec. A few weeks later Montreal capitulated to Amherst, whose extreme caution throughout the campaign was in remarkable contrast with the dash and energy of the hero of Quebec. The war in Canada was now at an end, and in 1763 the Treaty of Paris closed the interesting chapter of French dominion on the banks of the St. Lawrence and in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

History has done full justice to the character and services of Wolfe. His victory at Quebec—his one great exploit—was the result of his energy, courage and boldness. Canadians and Englishmen have placed him among their heroes. Had he lived he would have probably continued to do honour to his name and race. Still, who can say he was not happy in the manner of his death, since it occurred in the moment of victory, and Fate could have for him no misfortune or defeat or humiliation in store—"No slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune." A modern writer* has well said of him, and of another Englishman still greater in achievement: "Happiest of all, viewed from the standpoint of fame, are those whose departure is as well timed as their appearance; who do not survive the instant of perfected success, to linger on subjected to the searching tests of common life, but pass from our ken in a blaze of glory, which thenceforth forever encircles their names. In that evening twilight break away and vanish the crimson clouds wherewith human frailties and tyrant passions had threatened to darken their renown; and their sun goes down with a lustre which the lapse of time is powerless to dim. Such was the privilege of the stainless Wolfe; such, beyond all others, was that of Nelson."

Wolfe was animated by the noblest ambition that can impel a man to exertion—that of winning honours for his country and race. A soldier, he recognized the mutability of human fortune and the uncertainty of human life. It was quite in harmony with the melancholy strain of thought, to which he often yielded, that he should have reflected on the lesson taught in those beautiful verses of Gray's *Elegy*, which he repeated in the silence and solemnity of that summer night when he and his comrades were about to make a bold stroke for England and fame. We are also told that there was found on his person, when he fell on the battle-field, a piece of paper on which he had written the following lines which had been

* Captain Mahan in his *Life of Nelson* (1897).

taken with some variations*—probably his own—from Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, and well described his feeling at momentous crises of his life :

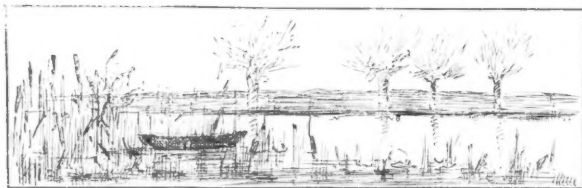
"But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
That life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.
Brave let us fall, or honoured if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.
Such, men shall own, deserve a sovereign
state,
Envied by those who dare not imitate."

Pitt and Wolfe must take a high place among the makers of the Dominion of Canada with its great possibilities, as well as of the United States, whose population already reaches seventy-five millions of souls, living in forty-five States and several territories. Had not the statesman's genius and the soldier's valour relieved the thirteen Colonies of the constant menace of the presence of France on the continent, the War of Independence would, in all probability, have been indefinitely postponed. It was these two men who, above all others, gave relief to French Canada from the absolutism of Old France, and started her in her career of self-government and political liberty. When the great procession passed before the Queen on the day of the Diamond Jubilee—when delegates from all

parts of a mighty world-embracing empire gave her their loyal and heartfelt homage—Canada was represented by a Prime Minister who belonged to that race which has steadily gained in intellectual strength, political freedom, and material prosperity since the memorable events of 1759 and 1760. In that Imperial procession nearly half the American continent was represented—Acadie and Canada, the Northwest prairies first traversed by French-Canadian adventurers, the Pacific coast first seen by Cook and Vancouver. There, too, marched men from Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Jeypore, Haidarabad, Kashmir, the Punjab, from all sections of that great empire of India which was won for England by Clive and the men who, like Wolfe, became famous for their achievements in the days of Pitt. Perhaps there were in that Imperial pageant some Canadians whose thoughts wandered from the Present to the Past, and recalled the memory of that illustrious statesman, and of all he did for Canada and England, when they stood in Westminster Abbey and looked on his expressive effigy, which, in the eloquent language of a great English historian, "seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes."

* See Sarpedon's Speech, in Book XII.

(To be Continued.)



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Illustrated from Special Photographs.

THE office of Solicitor-General was created in the year 1887, but it was not until the 3rd of December, 1892, that the Act was brought into force by proclamation. The reason for a delay of five years is a state secret, however, about which the writer knows nothing. The Act relating to the Solicitor-General is 50-51 Vic., Cap. 14; and the following brief clause is all we have to indicate the views held by the Government of the day regarding the appointment: "The Governor-General may appoint an officer, who shall be called 'The Solicitor-General of Canada' and who shall assist the Minister of Justice in the Counsel work of the Department of Justice, and shall be charged with such other duties as are at any time assigned to him by the Governor-in-Council."

Sir John Thompson, in moving for leave to introduce Bill No. 42, to make provision for the appointment of a Solicitor-General, said:

"The effect of this Bill will be not only to establish this office, but to define the duties of the officer. They will be in connection with the Department of Justice, and such other duties as may be assigned to him from time to time by the Governor-in-Council. He will be eligible to a seat in either House of Parliament."

It may be said that the office has never been fully defined by any authority either here or in England. As the duties of the officer are associated with those of the Minister and Deputy Minister of Justice, it will be necessary to say some-

thing of the responsibilities of the two latter in explaining the usefulness of the former. The Minister of Justice is, by virtue of his office, Attorney-General of Canada. He is the legal adviser of the Governor-General, in all cases of legal difficulty, and is legal member of the Privy Council. It is his duty to see that the administration of public affairs is in accordance with the law. He has the superintendence of all matters connected with the administration of justice in Canada that do not fall within the jurisdiction of the Provinces. He must advise upon the legislation of the Provinces



THE HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Q.C., M.P.
Solicitor-General of Canada.



THE HONOURABLE DAVID MILLS.
Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada.

in case it be in excess of their powers, and must advise the Crown generally upon all matters referred to him.

The Minister of Justice does not, however, plead in the courts, and it is part of the work of the Solicitor-General to attend as Counsel for the Crown in the Government's litigation in the principal courts of the Dominion. The Governor-in-Council appoints a Deputy of the Minister of Justice, who is charged with the performance of Departmental duties under the Minister. He has the control and management of the officers, clerks and servants of the Department, who are appointed by the Governor, and he may have other powers and duties assigned to him by the Governor-in-Council. The Solicitor-General relies in no small measure upon the co-operation of the Deputy Minister in the discharge of his counsel, as well as his departmental duties. The present Deputy Minister of Justice, Mr. Edmund L. Newcombe, M.A., LL.B., Q.C., has been in office since

1893, having been appointed under the administration of Sir John Thompson.

The Solicitor-General is the representative of the Crown, in the capacity of prosecutor of all public offenders. He conducts the prosecution or defence in all cases when proceedings are instituted for or against any public department or servant of the Government. The Solicitor-General cannot be employed against the Government or its officers in any cause, civil or criminal. It is said that one who has not held the office can have no conception of the labours of the officer. It is of the greatest importance that the office should be conferred upon men of undisputed legal eminence, who, at the same time, possess the confidence of the country, and are able to command a seat in Parliament.

The duties which now appertain to the Solicitor-Generalship were, up to five years ago, principally delegated to various legal practitioners who had political affinity with the powers that be. This farming out of the Government's legal patronage was found to be unsatisfactory in other respects than that of its expensiveness, and so, gradually was evolved an office which is, evidently, destined to become an indispensable part of the Government's machinery. The present Solicitor-General may be very fairly congratulated upon the economy which has characterised his administration of this office. The Auditor-General's report for 1895-96 places the legal expenses and taxed costs for the year at \$89,969.70, while for the succeeding year of 1896-97, these amounted to only \$53,759.61; from this latter amount, too, should be deducted \$16,625.65, which was a residue of expenditure chargeable to the previous regime.

The Hon. John Joseph Curran, Q.C.,

M. P. for Montreal Centre (now Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec), had the distinction of being the first Solicitor-General, having accepted office under the Government of Sir John Thompson, and subsequently under that of Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Apart from his Parliamentary duties, which included a defence of Sir Adolphe Caron before the House of Commons, Mr. Curran conducted a variety of legal work during his term of office, which extended over a period of three years. Before the Supreme Court, he argued, among other cases, the question by which it was determined what were the respective rights and powers of the Dominion Parliament and Provincial Legislatures, with regard to the manufacture and importation of intoxicating liquors. He also argued a number of important cases in the Exchequer Court for the Crown, and upheld the Dominion Constitution in the matter of the Robinson Treaties before the Board of Dominion and International Arbitrators. Mr. Curran resigned from the Solicitor-Generalship in 1895.

In May, 1896, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., was appointed to the position in the Ministry of his father, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and held it until the resignation of that Ministry. It is scarcely necessary to say more of Sir Charles Hibbert's administration of the office than that it was characterized by the quiet, persistent, unostentatious application to work, which, with his acknowledged brilliance and high integrity, explain in great measure the rapidity of his rise in the ranks of his party, and in the service of his country.

The Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Q.C., M.P., became Solicitor-General on July 13th, 1896. As indicated by the historic name of Fitzpatrick, he is of Celtic origin. That branch of the

family to which he belongs lived for many generations in the County of Waterford, and was always noted for its patriotism. His grandfather, John Fitzpatrick, was, especially during the agitation for the Repeal of the Union, one of the staunchest and truest friends of the great Irish leader—Daniel O'Connell—not even excepting "Honest Tom Steele" himself. In after years old Mr. Fitzpatrick used to take great pleasure in relating certain incidents in O'Connell's career, many of which had come under his own observation; and one of them is altogether too good to be passed over in silence. But the principal reason why I relate it is that it serves as an admirable illustration of one of the principles that underlay all the work that O'Connell did for Ireland, viz.: making use of legitimate means rather than stupidly appealing to brute force; and it also shows how careful he was to restrain his impetuous countrymen from doing anything which would give the English reason to say that the Irish could not be trusted with any greater political privileges than they already possessed. The incident referred to is as follows:



E. L. NEWCOMBE, M.A., LL.B., Q.C.
Deputy Minister of Justice.



HON. JOHN JOSEPH CURRAN.

Formerly Solicitor-General; now Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec.

The London *Times*, hearing that the great agitator was to address a mass meeting of the peasantry of Kerry on a certain day, sent over a member of the staff to report the proceedings, especially anything that O'Connell might say which could be construed as being of a treasonable character. The day came, a Sunday; and immediately after mass thousands of the peasantry assembled to listen to the man whom they idolized. He pointed out to them what he believed to be their wrongs and the best means of having those wrongs redressed. But seeing a man present who was not one evidently of themselves, and hearing that he was an Englishman who had come over to prepare for "The Thunderer" an account of the meeting, the peasantry were about to treat him—well, as such a body of men in those days thought that an Englishman deserved to be treated, under the circumstances. Mr. O'Connell at once interfered, and not only protected the

man from violence, but insisted on his being treated with the utmost consideration, and had a table and chair placed on the platform for his special accommodation. He then asked the reporter if he was quite ready to report his speech, and the gentleman having assured him that he was, and having also thanked him for his kindness, O'Connell turned around to the audience and commenced his speech—in *Irish!* To make the poor fellow still more ridiculous, he would turn to him every few moments with some such question as, "Are you quite comfortable, sir?" "You quite understand what I am saying, do you not?" "You are not making many mistakes, are you?" "Are your compositors quite familiar with the Irish language?"

"What extensive notes you are taking, sir!" etc., etc. Such shouts of laughter as then resounded through that part of picturesque Kerry! such jokes at the Englishman's expense! such hooting! such derision! The unfortunate man at length managed to make his escape unobserved, while O'Connell held the people spellbound with his marvellous bursts of eloquence, in the expressive and impassioned language of their own beloved country.

But to return to the subject of this sketch. His father came from County Waterford to Canada, and settled in Quebec, where for many years he carried on an extensive business in timber; and on December 19th, 1853, the son was born at St. Columba, Sillery, a suburb of the city. Having completed the courses of study prescribed at the High School and St. Anne's College, he became a member of Laval University, an institution which carries the thoughts back for two hundred years, to the time of the self-sacrificing French

Prelate, Mgr. De Laval-Montmorenci. Here, in due time, Mr. Fitzpatrick was graduated in the two Faculties of Arts and Law, taking many academical honours, including the Lorne medal, which was given him when he took the degree of B.C.L. But better than all such distinctions, he here formed those habits of severe and systematic study which have since enabled him to do such an enormous amount of intellectual work; and laid broad and deep the foundation of the superstructure which he has since erected—a superstructure of knowledge, accurate, extensive and varied—and which he now finds of such incalculable service to him in the discharge of the onerous duties of the important office which he holds in the Ministry of his native country.

His career as a student at Laval having come to an end, he continued his legal studies in the offices of Messrs. Andrews, father and son, the latter of whom is now Judge Andrews, of Quebec, and was called to the Bar in July, 1876. Almost at once he commenced the practice of his profession in the ancient capital, and soon afterwards entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, now Sir Adolphe Caron, and rapidly attained to a foremost place at the Bar of his native city. In such a position he could hardly avoid obtaining an accurate knowledge of provincial politics as well as much political influence. Several constituencies would have been glad to nominate him as a candidate for parliamentary honours, but he wisely declined all such propositions until he felt quite equal to the proper performance of the highest parliamentary duties. He waited until he had acquired a thorough knowledge of men and of affairs; and the result is seen in the admirable manner in which he discharges those important duties, the performance of which his country,

through its Prime Minister, has called him to undertake.

After fourteen years practice at the Bar he consented to be a candidate in Quebec County, for a seat in the Provincial Legislature, and was returned by a handsome majority. Four years later, at the general election, he was again returned by the same constituency, and with a still larger majority. But, as in only too many other instances, it was felt that his proper place was not within the limited area of the Provincial Parliament, but in the wider one of the Dominion; and, so, when the Conservative Ministry appealed to the country in 1896, Mr. Fitzpatrick's old constituency asked him to be their candidate. He consented, and the result was that he was elected by more than a thousand of a majority over a very strong and popular opponent, Mr. Fremont, formerly mayor of Quebec City. The two facts, that he had been offered the portfolio of Attorney-General in the De Boucherville administration, and that he refused it because his political principles differed from those of the then Provincial Ministry, speak volumes, respectively, for his ability and his conscientiousness. To decline



SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, K.C.M.C.

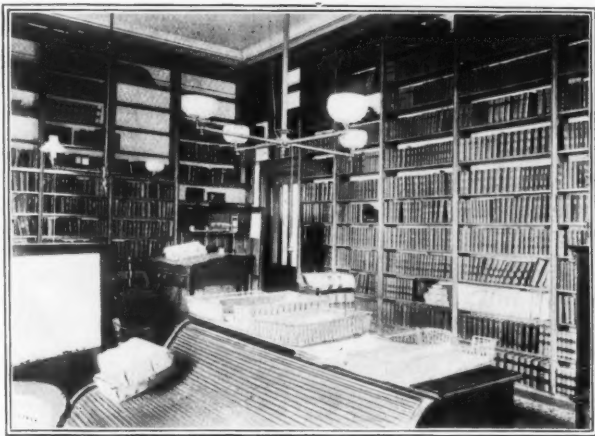


THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

the position required not only a high degree of moral courage, but much self-denial; for had he accepted it he would have been the Ministerial representative of his father's countrymen, and of his own and his father's co-religionists—a country and religion to which Mr. Fitzpatrick is ardently, nay, passionately devoted, but he is, nevertheless, consistently dutiful and loving to his native Canada. That his abilities were recognized long before he entered the political arena is evident from his having been made Crown Prosecutor of the city and district of Quebec by the Joly administration, and was re-appointed to the same office by the Mercier Government. He has also been Counsel in some important interprovincial and international litigation; and he was leading Counsel for the defence at the trial of the ill-fated Riel. He won laurels as Counsel for Bel-

gium in the Tour-nai frauds case, and was also Counsel for the United States in the celebrated Eno extradition trial. He is a Q.C., and a Solicitor for the Bank of Montreal. The most recent and one of the most conspicuous marks of distinction conferred upon him by his own Province was his election, in November last, as Batonnier of the Bar of the Dis-

trict of Quebec, and in December, as Batonnier-General of the Province of Quebec. Physically, Mr. Fitzpatrick has a striking personality, being above the average height, of slender, athletic build. As a parliamentary debater, a forensic orator, he is ready and effective in either French or English; and his gesticulation is graceful and appropriate. As an antagonist he can hit hard, but is frank and chivalrous; can be scathingly severe, but never forgets to praise where praise is deserved.



LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

No man is more ready to do justice to an honest opponent. As a worker he is diligence personified; for, paradoxical though it seem, he is never really at rest except when very busy. As Charles Reade says of another Fitzpatrick, he has all the delightful qualities of his nation without its prejudices.

He has travelled extensively in Europe and America; and in both continents has been brought into contact with some of the most learned and distinguished jurists of the day, and with many who are equally illustrious in the other professions. Thus he has that refined and highly cultivated taste which, in its highest development, can never characterize any, even the educated, who have been debarred from



PRIVATE SECRETARIES' OFFICE.

visiting those lands which are celebrated in classic song and story. His friends, and even those of his opponents who know him well, say that he has not yet reached the zenith of his fame, but that even higher honours than those he has yet attained await him in the not distant future.

Byron Nicholson.

THY SOUL IS IMMORTAL.

FRAIL thing of a day who bewailest an hour,
Why weapest so madly? What makes thee lament?
Dost think 'tis thy soul sheds such plentiful shower?
Thy soul is immortal—thy tears are soon spent.

Thou feelest thy heart torn by woman's caprice,
Thou sayest "'Tis broken by anguish and pain."
Thou askest of Heaven thy soul to release;
Thy soul is immortal—thou wilt love again.

Distrust of the future disquiets thee sore—
Thou sayest the present is veiled by the past—
O'er yesterday brood not, bright morrow's in store;
Thy soul is immortal—and time will go fast.

Thy body is crushed by the ills of thy heart,
Thy knees bow beneath thee, thou scarcely can'st stand;
Down, down on thy knees, then, poor fool that thou art;
Thy soul is immortal—and death is at hand.

The coffin will house thee, thy memory, name
Will perish, the sun of thy glory will set;
But not so thy love, so but pure be its flame,
Thy soul is immortal—and will not forget.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

Arthur Scaife.



A VIEW OF A PORTION OF SKAGUAY IN AUGUST, 1897.

THE KLONDIKE.

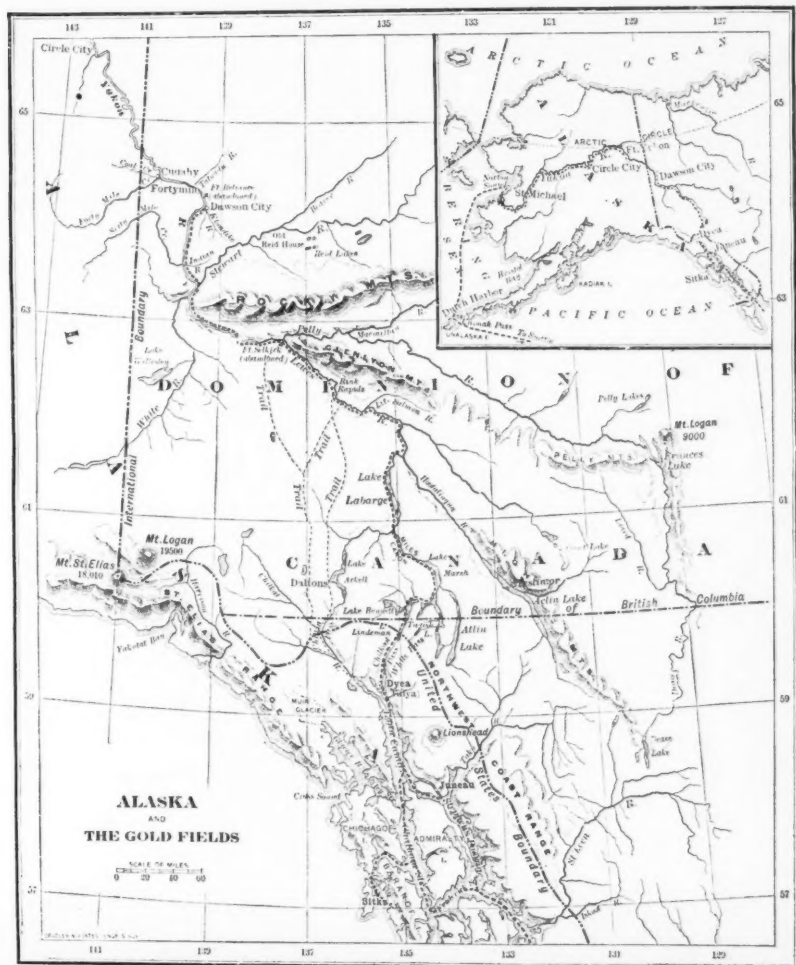
Illustrated from Special Photographs.

SINCE the days of '49, the pioneer days of the gold seeker of the West, the gold miner has been gradually working his way northward, until now about seven or eight thousand are digging and washing for the precious yellow metal close to the Arctic circle. It was in 1858 that the miners began to move northward. Then they deserted California and in their thousands rushed to the banks of the Fraser River. A few years after they rushed to Cariboo, in 1862 to the Stickeen, and in the seventies to the Cassiar. Year after year they wandered towards the north, following the wide and rich gold belt which runs through the Canadian Northwest from the Kootenay to the Arctic. It was not until 1878 that the miners looked towards

the valley of the Yukon. Prior to that year none of them had gone farther north than Cassiar, and many of them oft expressed a wish to prospect the head waters of the Yukon. In 1878 a party chartered a small schooner and went up to the head of the Lynn Canal. They went a short way over the Dyea pass, but as the Chilcats, the tribe inhabiting the Dyea pass then, were hostile, they were unable to do any prospecting. In 1880 several parties went over to Lake Bennett, but none stopped in the country. It was in 1882 that miners began to go into this country in large numbers, and a miner, Ed. Schieffelin, and his brother built a steamer for the Upper Yukon. The builders of the steamer and a party of five went up the Yukon as far as

Nuklukuyet, where they spent the winter prospecting. They found coarse gold, but as the ground was frozen, were unable to work it. For three years afterwards many miners worked the bars on the Stewart River with good results, and in 1886 rich discoveries of gold were made on Forty Mile Creek by a miner named Franklin. There was a rush to the district, which is in United States territory, and miners have worked with good results there and on creeks tributary to that creek until

the present time. In 1894 Circle City, the first of the mining towns of the Yukon, was founded. This city became the centre of supplies for Birch Creek, on which gold was found in 1893, and for all gold bearing creeks on which miners were working in the neighbourhood. Year after year the field widened, and men went in expecting to remain several years. On August 16th, 1896, gold was discovered in the Klondike mining district. George W. Carmack, a half-breed,





SKAGUAY'S FIRST DRUG STORE.

was the discoverer, coming across the gold largely by accident. However that may be, it stirred up the world. The shipments of gold by the steamers told the story. Thousands started at once and thousands more are waiting to be more certain, and it is well that they have done so. Ship load after ship load of gold seekers and their freight has been rushed to the extreme limit of salt water navigation, and there they have been literally dumped upon the beach, some above high water and many below, as they learned to their sorrow when the water covered them as they slept.

There are three established routes to the gold fields. One by way of the Stickeen, Lake Teslin, and the Hootalingua; another by Dyea, the Chilkoot Pass, the lakes and rivers; and the other

by Skaaguay, the White Pass, and down the lakes and rivers. The start in each case is made from Victoria or Vancouver. If going by the Stickeen, the miner disembarks from the ocean steamer at Wrangel, and takes passage up the Stickeen to Telegraph Creek on one of the river steamers. From the head-waters of the Stickeen the route follows through an undulating country which presents no obstacle to railway construction, and for the greater part of the distance of 150 miles is pretty well covered

with timber. The miner packs his outfit over this road to Teslin lake, where he builds his boat and drifts down the lake, down the Hootalingua, Lewes, and Yukon Rivers to Dawson. The total distance from Victoria by this



A MORE RECENT VIEW OF SKAGUAY, SHOWING THE WOODEN BUILDINGS RECENTLY BUILT.

route is 1,600 miles. Should the Dyea route be chosen, the ingoing miner takes passage to Dyea, at the head of Lynn canal, and from there makes the arduous journey with his supplies on his back, over the steep Chilkoot pass. From the water to the mouth of the canyon on this trail it would be as easy to build a road, as easy almost as to construct one along one of the city streets. From the mouth of the Canyon to Sheep Camp, however, construction is more difficult; in fact, it would probably be necessary to suspend the road by iron girders from the sides of the cliffs. From Sheep Camp to the head of the climb is yet more difficult, as all who have gone over the road will heartily agree. It is very steep, and very stony. From the summit to Lake



ANOTHER LATER VIEW OF SKAGUAY.

Lindeman there is a climb of 1,320 feet, and the road has been somewhat improved of late. Lake Lindeman, the first lake, is about four and a-half miles long, and between Lake Lindeman and Lake Le Barge there is a sandy ridge three-quarters of a mile long, which brings us to the end of the present Dyea route. The other way is by the Skaguay route, the route by which the major portion of those who joined in the mad rush of last spring went in. This pass was discovered by Captain William Moore, of Victoria, in 1891. His son, Bernard Moore, pre-empted 160 acres at the mouth of it, on which the city of Skaguay, so well known to the world at present, stands. Moore and his son, looking forward to a rush to the north



A RECENT VIEW OF DYEA.

lands, organized a company and were preparing to build a saw mill and a wharf, and intending to open a trail; but when the ships arrived with the gold seekers they were simply overwhelmed. The miners paid no attention to the former locations, but went ahead and laid out a town and elected a recorder.

More than 1,100 locations have been made, and now the town of tents is giving way to a town of frame houses. The trail was not open, and even the correct distance was not known before the eager throng were crowding over

Some fell over bluffs, some got mangled between rocks, some mired and left to die. The stench from the dead bodies before the snow came was terrible. If this pass is improved and kept open during the winter, it may be possible to put over hundreds of tons of provisions and have them ready at the lakes for the break-up in the spring.

Skaguay is now quite a city; the tents are giving way to cabins and frame buildings. Every upward steamer takes up large consignments of lumber. It has been incorporated, and a

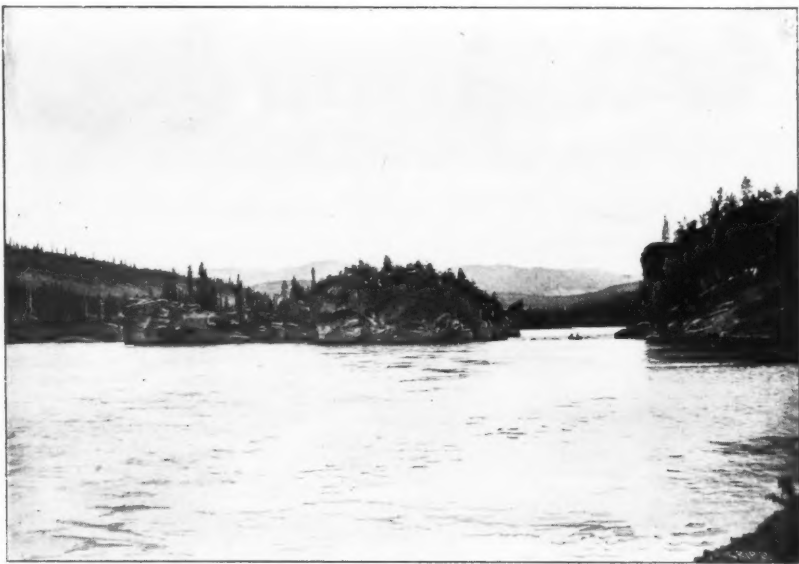


PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

THE RINK RAPIDS ON THE LEWIS RIVER.

it with horses, goats, oxen and mules, hitched to wagons, carts and drags, and carrying pack saddles loaded with flour, bacon, beans, dried apples and hay. Soon the saloons and dance halls were up and filled with patrons. There were tons of stuff scattered over the beach and shiploads strung along the trail. The thousands who rushed in by this trail had a terrible time, for it was terribly rough. It was a trail of blood during the rush, for nearly 1,000 horses were left dead upon it.

mayor and council have been elected; in fact, it is now quite replete with "every modern convenience." Dyea, its rival city, is also progressing favourably.

On arrival at Lake Lindeman, or if the miner has gone over the White Pass at Lake Bennett, boats are built, the lumber being whipsawn on the banks of the lakes, and the journey down the string of lakes and the Lewes and the Yukon Rivers begins.

Many are the dangers to be encoun-

tered. The first point to be dreaded is the Miles canyon, a narrow gorge between most precipitous banks. Here the water is very swift, and the ingoing miners usually carry their boat and supplies around it. Many, however, have shot the rapids safely, and, again, some have met their death there. Below the canyon there are three miles of bad river to the White Horse rapids, which are rocky and swift, with falls. Several lives were lost in these rapids during the rush of last summer. Thirty miles from the rapids is Lake Le Barge the last of the lakes. From the end of this lake—it is 31 miles long—it is but a short distance to the Lewes River, really the Yukon, although it is not called by that name until 200 miles further down the Pelly joins it, and makes one big, wide river. It is 180 miles from the junction of the Pelly and Lewes Rivers to Dawson, but the journey from there is simply a drift down the stream.

Dawson City, which is situated on the Klondike River, near the confluence of that river and the Yukon, is made up of about 80 log cabins and some 500 or 600 tents. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river bank. The two commercial companies have built fine, large, two-storey stores and warehouses, which must have cost them about \$10,000 each, considering the existing prices. To build the commonest kind of log cabin, 18 x 24 feet, costs from \$3,000 to \$6,000. Front Street is the principal thoroughfare, and is the locality where nearly all the business is transacted. It is on the east side, facing the river. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, half-dozen laundries, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store or two, two saw mills, three butcher shops, two jewellery stores, a dozen physicians and dentists, a couple of real estate offices, the principal business engaged in is the sale of intoxicants.

There are two churches, Catholic and Episcopal, and a Sisters' Hospital. The latter institution is a very necessary

one, for Dawson is located in a swamp, and malarial diseases are ever on the rampage. As can be seen from the latest reports from the gold fields, provisions are now very scarce in Dawson, and it is feared that ere the river is open in the spring time some will suffer from shortage of food.

The amount of gold taken out during the past year is astounding, and miners seem to think that, before the approaching winter is over, pay streaks on other creeks will be found that will parallel last year's discoveries. Everybody is at fever heat, and ready for a grand rush to any new diggings. The slightest word or gesture on the part of some of the men supposed "to be on the inside" would precipitate a panic and almost depopulate the city in a day. On all the gulches of El Dorado and Bonanza creeks are cabins in which are cans of gold exposed and unprotected. More care is exercised in guarding and protecting bacon and flour than the bright yellow gold, fresh from its state of virginity. It is impossible to estimate the amount of gold that is being taken out every day. Many men are realizing handsome revenues from "working claims on the lay," that is to say, the owners rent out their prospects to the workmen for one-half of the gold product. The creeks from which nearly all the gold found so far has been taken are El Dorado and Bonanza, but now many other creeks have been found with excellent showings, and ere long they will also be mined to considerable advantage. El Dorado has about forty exceptionally rich claims, employing from twenty to sixty men. The other claims have not, and cannot be developed sufficiently, before the middle of next winter to determine their richness. Bonanza Creek the next best paying creek in the district, averages about \$1,000 to \$5,000 to the box length, and there are about 105 claims on it operated on a large basis, and employing from six to fifty men each. It was on Bonanza Creek that the first discoveries of gold were made in this district by George W. Carmack, or "Lying George" as he was commonly called.

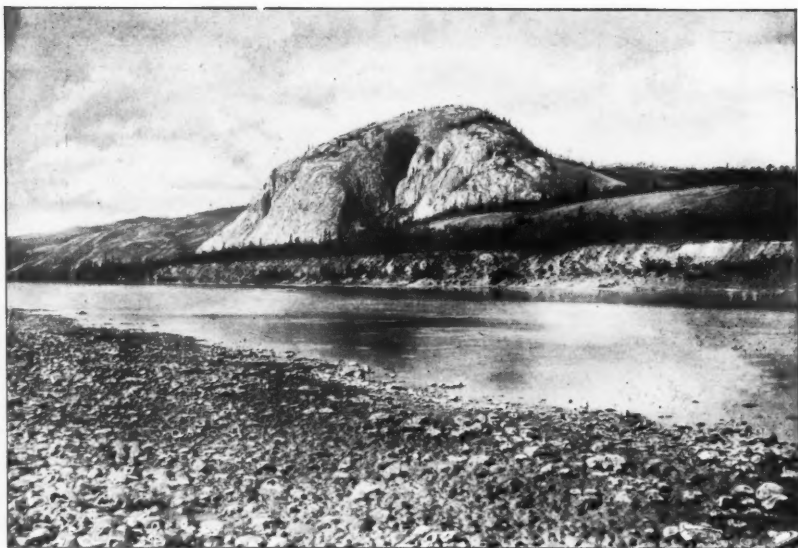


PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

THE EAGLE'S NEST ON THE LEWIS RIVER BELOW THE LITTLE SALMON.

Wages are now \$15.00 a day in the gulches and \$10.00 in Dawson City. Some men, who are working under contract, are making from \$25.00 to \$30.00 a day in wages, paid in cash or gold dust. But these high prices are due, of course, to the present scarcity of labour. Next year, with the opening of navigation, they will fall without doubt, and the effort made last spring to cut miners' wages to \$10.00 a day will be repeated, next time successfully—probably the rate will be made \$8.00 a day. Packing of provisions to the gulches—when you can get it packed at all—costs from 25 to 40 cents a pound to Bonanza or El Dorado creeks. This seems a high price, but when the cost of living is considered, and the amount of time that men must lose in this work, it really is less than it will seem to an outsider.

The climate of the Klondike is a very damp one, and although there is almost continuous sunshine in summer time, evaporation is slow, as the thick moss will not conduct the heat. The ground is in consequence very swampy. It is only after several years of draining

that ground will become sufficiently dry to allow the frost to go out, and then only for a few feet.

During the winter months the cold is intense, and with usually considerable wind. These winds are very cold, and almost solidify the garments of the miners. A heavy mist arises from the open places in the river, and settles down the valley in calm extreme weather. This dampness makes the cold to be felt much more, and is conducive to rheumatic pains and colds.

The life in this wild region is a very wearing one, as the looks of any old-timer will testify. Only those who are very strong physically should go into this country, and many of these will be greatly disappointed, for men are now going away who have been in the Yukon country for years, who have worked hard and prospected widely, and yet did not "hit it." Now, broken down in health and courage, they are leaving the gold regions almost penniless. They cannot stand it any longer, especially in view of the threatened shortage of the supply of provisions for the coming winter.

J. Gordon Smith.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

TWO men and a boy landed at the head of the Lynn Canal about the end of August, Anno Domini, 1897, and after that things happened to them. Other men and boys went there and things happened to them too, but on the trail every man ran his own pack-train and his own "happenings," expecting no sympathy and getting none. The furthest that Good Samaritanism ever went was to say, with a grin, as one passed by on the other side—or *over*, as the case might be—"Well, you would go to the Klondike!" This mild sardonic grin was seldom resented in bad language because the vocabulary of the victim was generally exhausted; and besides, he was expecting, after he got started again, to get

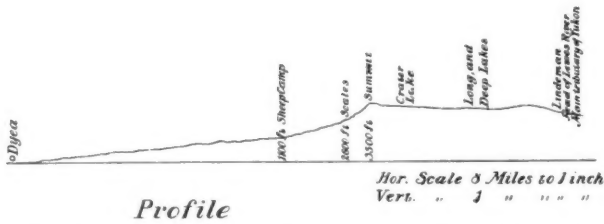
a chance at somebody else about a hundred yards along the trail.

The two men were long-limbed, long-winded products of Western Ontario towns and an Eastern Ontario University, who had been kicked about from post to pillar, through the breezy plains of the Territories and as far as British Columbia; while the boy, only sixteen, but the biggest of the three, counted his experiences from one side of the continent to the other. Naturally three such kindred souls saw nothing very terrible and much prospective amusement in an overland trip into the Northwest Provisional District of Canada. They had the trip, but sometimes it was hard to say where the fun came in.



PACKING SUPPLIES FROM THE BEACH AT DYEA TO THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL.

It will be seen that the horse's harness consists of a packsaddle and its appurtenances.



MAP SHOWING HEIGHT OF VARIOUS PORTIONS OF CHILKOOT PASS.

The first move they made was to get separated and into trouble. The men were landed with their outfit at Skaguay, while the boy was landed at Dyea with the horses and some of the feed. The rest of the feed the captain of the boat took over to Skaguay because he had not got it off when the tide favoured his leaving Dyea. He put it on the beach at Skaguay, the tide rose, and when the tops of the bales of hay were still uncovered, he came to the men and pointed out that that was their hay, and it would get wet. They thought it strange that it should get wet in the water that way, but hazarded a remark to the effect that they intended to request the United States Commissioner to see that the captain furnish them with dry hay, or the equivalent in money of the realm, or anything else that would buy hay. The captain replied that the commissioner was over at Dyea, and that he, the captain, for his part, was about to sail immediately, having all his clearance papers in his pocket, which he tapped caressingly. The deacon blessed him fervently, and he departed.

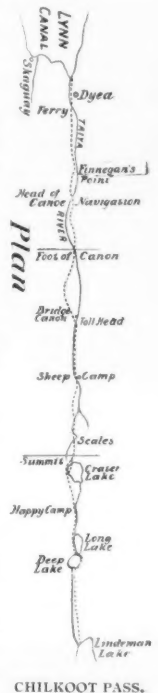
One man continued to work at the boat they were constructing out of lumber brought from Vancouver for that purpose, while the other went to see if it were true, as the captain had averred, that the boy's whole charge of horses, feed, and saddles were seized by the customs officials at Dyea. Alas! as the story books say, it was only too true. He found the Deputy Collector, Mr. Jones, and his fellow troubler, Mr. Floyd, in an office which had a piece of canvas for a door.

of two hundred and ninety dollars.

The engineer, representing himself and partners, told Mr. Jones and Mr. Floyd that as it was impossible to "tak' the breeks o' a Hielanman," he did not clearly see how the duty was to be collected. Mr. Jones, however, replied that they had already collected the horses, and would immediately sell them in default of the said two ninety. Whereupon the part owner of these highly dutiable effects hid himself off down to the beach, where his partner was busied with the boat, and reported progress. After that report the nails were all driven well home, the boat-builder seeming to have a spite against them, or else he was thinking of something.

They finished the boat and put in all their belongings, leaving at Skaguay beach only the things they lost that night, when the tide, with the assistance of the wind, had caused a pleasant excitement among the campers on the beach. Nobody warned another body on the trail, because, as I said, every one controlled only his own "happenings," so, if there was going to be a tide two feet higher than the night before, if you

These industrious civil servants had just lately been authorized to collect duty on all Canadian produce used in American territory, and had accordingly made up a bill against the two men and the boy to the tune



didn't ask about it you weren't told about it.

As soon as the boat was loaded, they went up town (for Skaguay was already a town, though the residences were nearly all canvas) and took their farewell meal at the Hotel Rosalie, the pioneer restaurant of Skaguay. They shook hands with mine hostess, Mrs. Church, and accepted gratefully, as becomes those who go down to the sea in ships, her good wishes for a prosperous voyage.

quite decided that they would shortly go to the bottom, they went back to Skaguay. They were nearly gone before they found how full of water she was, for they were standing at the back using the sweeps as sculls. They expected to swim the last hundred yards, but by energetic baling the captain saved the boat and cargo, the engineer, as was appropriate, supplying the motive power.

They were much pleased at not having to swim; for the water from glaci-



A CACHE ON THE TRAIL, SHOWING PROVISIONS STACKED UP.

In parts of the Trail, the packing over is done in relays.

They waited the tide in a steady rain. About twelve the rain ceased. It was pitch dark, but quite calm, when they floated. Using the long sweeps as poles they shoved the boat off.

They would have got along nicely if the boat had been as good as she looked, but like all the other people in that mad rush, they were using a thing without having taken time to give it a trial trip. So as soon as they were

iers is cold, and, moreover, some of the cargo would have been spoiled like the hay. They slept in the boat and in the morning fixed the leak. At noon they started for Dyea and reached there about 3 o'clock.

By the first of September it was evident that the over-boomed Skaguay or White Pass trail was all but impassable, and accordingly demand for horses suddenly dropped. It was,



PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

LOOKING DOWN TAIYA INLET (LYNN CANAL).

therefore, on a rapidly falling market that these first victims of the Custom House had to make a forced sale. After looking the stock over, it was decided that a big sorrel mare, pretty soft she was, and a villainously balky bay mare were the most likely-looking waggon-team, and were not much good for packing. After a particularly "*mauvais quatre heure*," for the mare was as mean as a horse just ready to balk can be, Jack Cavanaugh was talked into buying the team, much against the will of his partner, "Old" Bob Wright, the "bad man" of Dyea. It took several drinks at two bits a drink (twenty-five cents) to get Old Bob to look at the transaction in a proper frame of mind. Bob was arrested not long after for being disorderly over at Skaguay—not for being drunk, he is always drunk, and during his "term" walked about Skaguay as drunk as usual, for there was no jail to put him in; but still he was under arrest.

Reinforced with the good United States double eagles from this and an-

other source or two, the engineer went over to Skaguay and redeemed the property. Afterwards they met Judge McQuire on his road into the interior to administer justice. He asked about their little trouble with Mr. Jones and Mr. Floyd, and assured them of his belief that they would get back their two hundred and ninety. They said they expected to get it when the Behring Sea award was paid. It was all right anyway, only they happened to be the first to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; before that, Canadian horses had entered free.

After these few rounds with "Uncle Sam" and the captain who delivered or did not deliver the hay, the three were not afraid of anything, and although things happened right along with surprising celerity, they accepted them as the natural accompaniments of a gold rush.

After they sold the team to Cavanaugh, they bargained that their stuff should be teamed up to the ferry, that is, a mile and a half, and put across in his boats. They had expected to go

up the Tiaya River in their own boat to the head of canoe navigation, six miles, but found it rather impracticable; some days the river has enough water to float a heavily-loaded boat, and then the current is too strong to work against; other days you go aground; so they decided to pack right from the ferry.

One bright Tuesday morning they were ready to start on their own horses over the famous trail. While the other two were preparing breakfast the third fed the horses, having elected himself to that important position on account of having been among horses from his youth up, packed ponies and freighted goods in everything from an Ontario mail-stage to a Red River cart, but chiefly and particularly because anything is better than cooking in a small tent. The pack-saddles are generally put on before breakfast, and then one is able to get a second and tighter cinch when ready to load. Some ponies one has to take with subtlety, drawing the cinch suddenly when they are intent on something else—for instance, ruminating on the state of the

trail, or their final chance for life with oats at twelve dollars a sack.

I have not yet looked to see whether or not the encyclopedia explains the mysteries of "diamond hitch," but it is just as deserving of a sketch as some knots I do remember there, such as "running bow lines," "clove hitches," and other nautical knots. Before coming to the "diamond," however, the load is put on with what is sometimes called the "basket hitch." This is done with light rope, such as first-rate clothes-line or sash-rope. The weights are carefully adjusted so as to have the load balanced within a few pounds,—let us say a box of groceries, forty pounds, and a sack of bacon, fifty pounds, on one side; a sack of oats, about ninety pounds, on the other; and fifty pounds of flour in the middle. Now, the senior packer, standing on the nigh-side of the pony, passes a broad band with a hook on it under the horse's belly to his assistant, and, with the long, stout rope attached to the other end of this band, the two perform some curious evolutions. There is a series of short jerks and



PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

A TYPICAL SCENE BETWEEN LAKES LINDEMAN AND BENNETT.

pulls, and "hold what you get," while the pony perhaps humps his back, perhaps sags a little, but nearly always grunts. Then there is a second arrangement of the rope, and the assistant puts a foot against the load so as not to pull the horse and load when he heaves on the rope, which he proceeds to do; then the first man does the same on his side, ties a couple of half hitches, and, presto! the horse, saddle and load are one piece.

As soon as the first was loaded the engineer and the boy turned him loose.

but worn-out horse, one quick, sharp blow just above the flinching, reproachful eyes. That was the only sad sight of the trail. Men were not forced to go there, and they always got enough to eat, but many an honest horse went short. The two men and the boy, however, though it was not always easy, saw that their ponies never lacked feed.

Some horses were mean. Now, there was the big sorrel; he used to lie down whenever he came to a nice sandy place, with the object of enjoy-



PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

TAGISH LAKE AT 4.15 A.M.

They had packed together over the British Columbia hills with that very horse. "Alas! poor 'Halibut,' he hath borne me on his back a thousand times," but he lies now just at the entrance to the canyon. Somebody sneers at Lawrence Sterne for picturing an old man's grieving over the death of an ass. I think the critic said that such "sentimental drivel" was all make-believe for Sterne. But perhaps Sterne, too, could feel those things just as many a man did on the trail when he raised an axe, and with steady hand struck his dumb, uncomplaining,

ing a comfortable roll. He seldom managed to shift his pack, but was always specially loaded with unbreakables. Then there was the little sorrel, who was so round and smooth and fat that it was next to impossible to cinch a saddle so that it would not turn with the load; besides, he didn't know his business at first, and used to "rush" the hills and jiggle his load; but he learned. He is still at Dyea, and the best looking pony on the trail. When Major Walsh wanted a message delivered in a hurry he chose the engineer, and he chose the little sorrel;

they made the record trip from Dyea to Sheep Camp and return.

The three did not try to make a trip to Sheep Camp each day, as their horses were not quite good enough, and neither men nor horses were sufficiently acquainted with the trail. It is quite surprising what a horse will learn about a trail, and how necessary it is that he should learn in order to make good time. So they used to go to the entrance to the canyon each day till all the goods were transported over that stage. It was quite easy following

two and a half miles. When the water is low, waggons are driven to this point without much difficulty; but a railway will soon be there, and then there will be no more carrying of girls "pick-a-back" across the shallow, serpentine branch of the river. Yes, there was a trail to the left, where one crossed the river only once; but the waggon road kept to the right, and crossed again and again. Naturally, the girls took the plain waggon road, and when they, in short skirts and knee-boots, stood irresolute at the water's edge the rep-



PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

LAKE LINDEMAN.

along the comparatively level waggon road as far as Finnegan's Point, about three miles. At Finnegan's Point, when the water was high, as it was at that time, it was necessary to go on the bank among the trees for about a mile, and here they found mud and stones in quite sufficient quantity.

Then the river had to be crossed, and the water ran very close to the tops of the big rubber boots. From here to the canyon the trail ran over what looked like a broad watercourse, rising gradually to the canyon, about

representatives of the stronger sex, proud possessors of thigh-boots, had wonderful opportunities for gallantry in affording aid to poor, "distressed damsels." Real knight-errantry it was.

After everything was at the canyon they camped there and packed to Sheep Camp. There are some slippery, steep and narrow places on the canyon trail, and if a horse was awkward or badly shod he occasionally came to grief, keeping perhaps twenty or thirty others waiting in various states of impatience. The three got along as well as the rest,

and in a few days had everything lugged along to the rising ground just beyond Sheep Camp.

Sheep Camp was then a lively place. Some four or five saloons, under canvas, of course; a big gambling tent, a great many tents of travellers and packers, giving the valley the look of an army encampment, for at night every tent had a light in it.

There were then only two wooden structures; one was the store and post-office (private), kept by a most obliging Swede called Foss, one of the few dwellers along the trail



PROSPECTIVE MILLIONAIRES NEAR SKAGUAY.

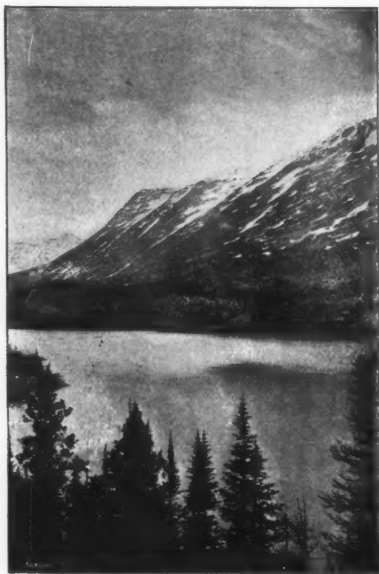


PHOTO. BY W. OGILVIE.

ON LAKE LINDEMAN.

who did not go out of his way to lie. The other was the "Hotel and Store," run by "Old Palmer" as a restaurant and bunkhouse. The bunks were the floor divided into sections by imaginary lines. Guests supplied their own blankets, paid for their meals seventy-five cents in advance, and considered themselves lucky to get sugar in their tea. When a man is making thirty dollars a day he expects sugar in his tea, but sugar was not always for sale at Sheep Camp.

The three bad miles from Sheep Camp to the Scales we soon travelled, making, as the custom was, from two to three trips a day, packing one hundred and fifty on each horse, and taking some awkward articles, like a pair of oars or long saw, themselves.

They camped at the Scales, having taken up some wood on their last trip. There was an inhospitable camping-ground if ever there was one. It supplied water only, and supplied that when not wanted. The tents were pitched in a flat water-course, deceptively dry,

and the ropes were tied to rocks. One night most of the campers had two feet of water all about them. There had been a lot of rain, causing the snow higher on the hill to thaw. The water bubbled up right in the tents, and there was dire confusion. The two men and the boy were not worried, for they had their tent set on a rock. The unfortunates waded about all night, saving what they could; some more fortunate ones turned out and helped, while others cheerfully remarked, "Well, you would go to the Klondike!"

room, yes, and share of the blankets, too, many times over. He was not over forty, but had gone the pace that kills. While they had supper he told of wanderings in New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands. He had known Stevenson, and yet nearly had to sit on those cold Alaskan rocks! It snowed that night, but in the tent they had a warm fire, and sat and talked of the wondrous story-writer and the strange islands of the sea, so different from the wild, desolate rocks of Alaska or the heather-clad hills of Scotland.

Poor Mac! He had drifted up there



DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

BUILDING A BOAT ON LAKE LINDEMAN.

Up there, one night, they gave tent-room to a little Scotchman who could find no other shelter. People were sometimes as inhospitable as the country itself; these were not the old miners, nor yet the "Gentlemen Rovers," but new hands, as the greater number were, who had never been in the wilds before, nor understood the brotherhood of man. The little Scotchman being a travelled man did not expect that among twenty tents he should find only one whose occupants would give him sitting room till morning. The other campers knew not what they missed; his conversation was worth his tent-

from 'Frisco, but found it wouldn't do, and told them he would work back to the lazy isles where he had lost the last of his strength and youth and courage. He could not stand the packing, though the pay was good, and the engineer saw him afterwards cooking in the "Montana" chop-house very much down on his luck.

Between the Scales and Crater Lake stands the much-feared summit of the Chilkoot Pass. It sometimes snows there even in September, for it is high—nine hundred feet higher than the Scales, and thirty-five hundred feet above sea-level; but these three being

natives of "Our Lady of the Snows," and always having had a mild belief that "Our Lady of the Snows" was, in spite of the critics, fairly descriptive of the land of their birth, were not much alarmed about a little flurry of snow. They finally decided that the summit while they were on it was no worse than the mountain at Hamilton or Montreal.

The stuff had to go over, though, and as it is no fun carrying a hundred pounds over any hill, or even up a flight of stairs, they compromised. They carried a boat over to Crater Lake, put it together and worked it there, so that they could hire their packers. The freight rate on Crater Lake was from three-quarters of a cent to two cents a pound, and it was possible to make four trips a day with a ton aboard. Some days, with a south wind, people could not bring their boats back; other days they did not get loads; so they did not always make over a hundred dollars a day. It was generally considered to be worth about seventy-five dollars a day to stay at Crater Lake, for it was worse than the Scales. The only place to camp near the trail, where people piled their stuff, was on the boulders lying between the foot of the Glacier and the lake. These boulders are arranged like a pile of shot or shell, and the spaces between them were supposed to extend indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, probably to China, or wherever the antipodes of that district may be; anyway, the three lost one tin spoon and one table knife, which slipped down out of reach. It was here, too, that they took in two Californians the night of the big storm, and with another who was working with them, there were six in the 8x10 tent. When they ran out of wood the next day, after burning the tent-poles, they concluded that it was better to wait till the storm was over before they took down the oars, which had become tent-poles, to row across the

lake in their crazy boat for wood. So the six sat in their blankets, told stories, and organized the Society of Frozen Stars, the emblem of which, a five-pointed tobacco stamp, each still wears on his coat.

The next morning they had to make room for a very cold Klootchman and her niece, a little girl ten years of age who talked very good English. The squaw had her feet frozen, having been out all night after getting wet. She was warmed up, and they went over the summit to Sheep Camp, while the Frozen Stars struck camp and moved to Long Lake, looking askance at Happy Camp, which lies half way between Crater and Long Lake, and is named with fine irony. Once at Long Lake it is not much trouble to get across it and Deep Lake, then over the last hill and in to Lindeman.

It is at Long Lake one needs three guy-ropes on each end of his tent, for "the winds are piping loud, my boys." But how long it would take to tell about all the little things; how "the bhoys" got so that he could carry one hundred and twenty pounds; how they got pie for nothing from the girl who made seventy dollars in three weeks selling pie "just on the side," while cooking for her father and brother, always on the move; how the one-legged man used to shoot ducks and run on the impassable Chilkoot trail; how the deserted mule used to chew the tent-ropes till he earned the name of "canvas-back," and as such was fair game and accordingly shot. "The Canadian Magazine" would not hold all about work and fun; only the trail could hold that as it holds so much more; for the companies are there now—speculators, land agents, gambling houses, dance halls, railroads and telephones. Soon there will be less room in the Pass for muscle and head and heart, but these will get the quicker afloat on the cold river flowing north over the gold-covered bed-rock.

Thomas S. Scott.

THE FENIAN INVASION OF QUEBEC, 1866.

With Several Valuable Historical Illustrations.

MONTREAL in the sixties was a martial town. In the excitement born of the Trent affair, militia organizations sprung into existence all over Canada ; and in Montreal, where there was already the nucleus of a considerable force in the Volunteer Rifles, which the year before had taken the title "Prince of Wales' Rifles," in honour of the Prince's visit, no less than four infantry battalions and a troop of cavalry were raised. Such was the fervour shown that a very large proportion of the young male population became enrolled in the volunteer ranks. The Montreal of those days bears little resemblance to the great city of to-day ; but it is questionable whether there were not more citizen-soldiers in the city thirty years ago than there are at the present time. Montreal at that time was still a garrison town ; and the presence of two or three regiments of regular troops with a brigade staff of officers had a marked tendency toward developing martial sentiment and encouraged the enrolment of volunteers.

The breaking out of the Fenian troubles in 1866, therefore, found Montreal well-equipped with means of defence. An index to the military strength of the city at that time is supplied by the Queen's Birthday review in 1866, held just one week before the outbreak of hostilities in Upper Canada. This was taken part in by the following Regular troops : 25th King's Own Borderers, Lt.-Col. Fane ; Royal Artillery, Lt.-Col. Pipon ; 4th Battalion, Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. Elrington ; 30th Regiment, Col. Pakenham ; while the militia organizations included the Field Battery of Artillery, Major (now Lt.-Col.) Stevenson ; Royal Guides, Capt. D. L. Macdougall ; 1 and 2 Troops of Cavalry, Major John Smith ; Garrison Artillery, Major Ferrier ; Engineers ;

Victoria Rifles, Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith ; High School and Lady Alexander Russell's Cadets ; the Chasseurs Canadien, Lt.-Col. Coursol ; Hochelaga Light Infantry, Capt. Horne ; Prince of Wales' Rifles, Lt.-Col. Devlin. At this review was Lt.-General Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces, on whose staff was one Col. Wolseley, who has since chalked his name high up on the wall of fame. Major-General Lindsey had direct command of the forces, which in number must have aggregated five thousand.

Yet it could hardly be said that the military authorities were ready for the emergency when it arose. The loud talk of Head Centre Stephens, Roberts and Sweeny had been regarded as so much gasconade ; and it was not seriously thought that they would attempt an armed invasion, nor was it believed that the American Government would permit such an infraction of the laws which govern the relations of nations at peace. Still, there was undeniable uneasiness for months before the trouble actually came ; and this was largely caused by the knowledge that emissaries of the Fenian Brotherhood were at work in the city trying to detach the Irish and French from their allegiance. Montreal, also, at that time, contained a great many Americans, who had settled there from one cause and another during the Civil War ; and many of these had no compunction about conspiring against the country which had been an asylum to them. The mutterings of danger from without and the fear of trouble at home kept the city in a perturbed state during the winter and spring of 1866 ; and the militia companies kept on the alert. They were all at their full strength, and were well-drilled and ready for action.

Towards the end of May the general



LIEUT.-COLONEL BERNARD DEVLIN.

Commanding Prince of Wales Regiment during Fenian Raid, 1866.

massing of Fenians along the boundary was reported to the authorities, and early action was taken. So apprehensive were they of treachery at home that the Victoria Bridge was guarded at night by detachments of militia; for it was feared that home sympathizers with the revolutionary cause would blow it up and thus prevent the prompt forwarding of troops to the front. To protect the Missisquoi boundary and the Eastern Townships it was decided to form a camp at St. John's, from which point the Richelieu River could also be guarded. Each of the chief militia organizations of the city was called upon for a detachment for active service; and on the evening of June 1st a tidy little force marched through the city to Point St. Charles and there took train for St. John's. This included companies from the regular battalions; two fully equipped brigades of Royal Artillery; a company each from the Prince of Wales' Rifles, the Victoria Rifles, the Royals and the Chasseurs Canadien.

On the following day another force of militia was despatched southwards to guard the Huntingdon frontier. In the morning the Prince of Wales' Rifles and the Victoria Rifles were called out, and at six o'clock that evening they marched to Bonaventure depot through the crowded streets of a much excited city, and proceeded to Lachine. There they were ferried across the St. Lawrence River to Caughnawaga, where train was taken for Hemmingford, a small town in the eastern end of Huntingdon—a county which stretches along the northern boundary of New York State from the St. Lawrence River almost to the Richelieu River, and must receive the first shock of invasion from that quarter. There were also ordered to the Huntingdon frontier two or three days later the Montreal Field Battery, under Major (now Lt.-Col.) Stevenson, and the Montreal Troop of Cavalry.

The popular excitement, already high, was increased to fever pitch by the news of the invasion of the Niagara frontier and the conflict at Ridgeway. To consider the situation and provide for the protection of the city which had sent nearly all its available militia force into the field, a public meeting was called by the Mayor, Hon. Henry Starnes, for the evening of June 4th. The City Hall was crowded, and all sections of the population were represented both on the speakers' platform and in the Hall. Two members of the Government of the day, Hon. John Rose and Hon. T. D. McGee, were present, and the latter's remarks were awaited with exceptional interest in view of the fact that he was the recognized chief of the Canadian Irish, and the representative in Parliament of that section of Montreal where it was feared there might be disaffection. That these fears were not altogether groundless was shown by the statement of the Mayor, that he had dismissed a number of policemen who had refused to take the oath of allegiance which upon the outbreak of the trouble had been tendered to all the civic employees. But there was no equivocation in Mr. Mc-

Gee's language. He was glad, he said, to be present at so glorious an exhibition of the unanimity, patriotism, courage and loyalty of Montreal. As member for half the city he would say that the citizens could take care of themselves. Unfortunately the city contained some turbulent people who required to be watched—skedaddlers who had fled from the American draft, and who now requited the city which had protected them by plotting against its peace. There had lately been an influx of New York blacklegs and burglars who already seemed to scent their prey from afar. He advocated the formation of a civic guard; and those who would not sign the roll should be regarded as disaffected and weeded out.

There were other stirring speeches. Hon. John Rose advocated the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as it ought, he said, to be known that any man who came to Canada with a nefarious purpose came here with a halter around his neck. He hoped there would be no shilly-shallying with putting off the sentences for six months by legal technicalities; there should be a tribunal for summary justice, whereby a man taken with arms in his possession on Friday should die on Saturday. These fiery utterances were received with loud acclamations, and the rolls for a home-guard being opened at the close of the meeting hundreds hastened to sign.

Mr. McGee, who, by his outspoken zeal for order, signed his death-warrant, as subsequent lamentable events showed, about this time addressed, through the medium of the *Canadian Freeman*, a stirring appeal to his Irish fellow-citizens. Part of this fervid epistle is well worthy re-publication. "Without provocation," he wrote, "—without pretense of provocation—crippled by the anathema of the Church, and outlawed by the Federal Government, these deluded men dare to menace Canada. Officered by such men as Jennison, the jay-hawker of Kansas notoriety, and the English renegade, Percy Wyndham, they dare to assail our frontier in

the abused name of Ireland and the Irish people. The turbulent and the dissolute floating population of the large lake and sea-port cities form the rank and file—all of them totally ignorant of the true state of Canada, crammed full of falsehoods as to the discontent of our population and the French-Canadians, and all, when once in the field, absolutely at the mercy of the English renegade and the Kansas jay-hawker. . . . I deny that they represent Ireland, to whom Canada has done no wrong. . . . I would add that a more wanton, immoral, unjustifiable attack never was made upon a free people; and the fate of pirates and freebooters is all they can expect. . . . We (the Irish) have a duty additional to the duties of others. We are belied as a class by these scoundrels, and as a class we must vindicate our loyalty to the freest country left to Irishmen on the face of the globe."

In view of such utterances, which undoubtedly represented the sentiments of the Canadian Irish, seconded as they were by the practical proofs of loyalty



LIEUT.-COLONEL OSBORNE SMITH.

Who commanded the Victoria Rifles in 1866, and who earned a C.M.G. at Eccles Hill in 1870. He afterwards went to Winnipeg, and, in 1885, raised a battalion for service at the front.

furnished by the sight of Irish militiamen marching to the front, it is not pleasant to remember that the Protestant section of the community regarded their fidelity as questionable. This feeling narrowly escaped making mischief in the Prince of Wales' Rifles. This organization was admirably suited for troubles of this nature. One of its companies was known as "the Orange company," two others were exclusively composed of Irish Catholics; the commanding officer was Lt.-Col. Bernard Devlin, a leading Irishman; the second in command was Lt.-Col. C. F. Hill, who in 1853 had been prominent in the Gavazzi riots as a partisan of the ex-monk. At a time when religious prejudices and racial antipathies were highly excited it was inevitable that there should be friction in such an organization; and the situation was aggravated a day after the battalion left Montreal by the arrest of Sergeant-Major Mahony, an ex-regular, for using treasonable language. Mahony was sent to Montreal under a strong guard, and was for a time confined in the gaol there. It is now a well-known fact that for a week after they were moved to the front the "Orange" company kept their rifles loaded, so convinced were they of the imminence of treason. But these unworthy suspicions were soon dissipated, and when Lt.-Col. Devlin brought his battalion back to town he had attained a popularity among the Protestants which stood him in good stead in after-life.

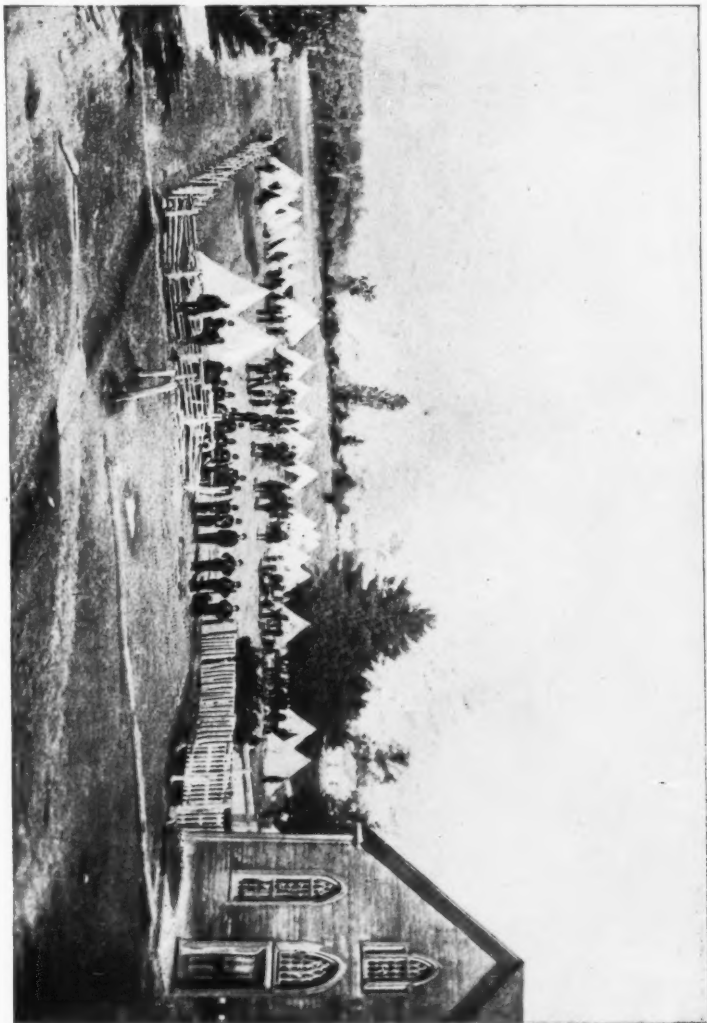
Meanwhile the Fenian forces were gathering on the frontiers, the two rallying points being St. Albans, Vt., and Malone, N.Y. From the latter point they were within striking distance of Cornwall on the one side, while the fertile county of Huntingdon lay almost at their feet to the north; from Vermont they threatened the eastern townships. Early in June, General Sweeny, the commander of the Fenian brigade, arrived at Malone; and immediately from all points in New England and the adjacent states companies of men began to leave for the two camps. A good deal of ability was

shown in the mobilization of this tatterdemalion force; for within four or five days it was estimated that four or five thousand men were gathered together, and then distributed along the frontier, stretching from Malone eastward as far as Newport, Vt. Most of them were of Irish descent, though many ex-soldiers, both of the Northern and Southern armies, joined the movement for the love of adventure, not feeling happy at the return of the humdrum days of peace. The officers were reported to be largely from the Confederate army. General Sweeny had been a Lt.-Col. in the Northern army. He was a West Point graduate; saw service in Mexico; and served with conspicuous gallantry in the Federal army during the civil war, being thrice severely wounded—at Wilson's Creek, Shiloh, and Corinth. In 1865 he was cashiered for insubordination. As the Fenians reached the seat of action their troubles began. The United States authorities at last awoke to the fact that in permitting an armed force of its citizens to wage war on a neighbouring State with which it was at peace, they were guilty of a breach of international comity certain to lead to trouble; and after the lamentable loss of life on the Niagara frontier, they really appeared to exert themselves to prevent a similar conflict in the east. The St. Lawrence, in the neighbourhood of Ogdensburg, was patrolled by a revenue cutter, *Salmon P. Chase*, with shotted guns, to prevent the crossing of Fenians at that point; and at Malone and St. Albans, the United States soldiers, under instructions from General Meade, the District Commander, began to seize munitions of war and arms wherever they found them. President Johnson's proclamation was issued on June 6th; in it he denounced the raid, warned American citizens not to join it, and instructed General Meade to suppress it. On the same day Sweeny was arrested at St. Albans. About this time the great O'Neill, fresh from his abortive campaign on the Niagara, appeared at Malone; having been released on bail

at Buffalo, he had hastened eastward. He took charge of the New York division, while Gen. Mahan succeeded to the command of the Vermont forces ;

been formed near Highgate Springs, Vermont ; and early on June 7th they began to cross the frontier in small disorganized bands, bent on plunder.

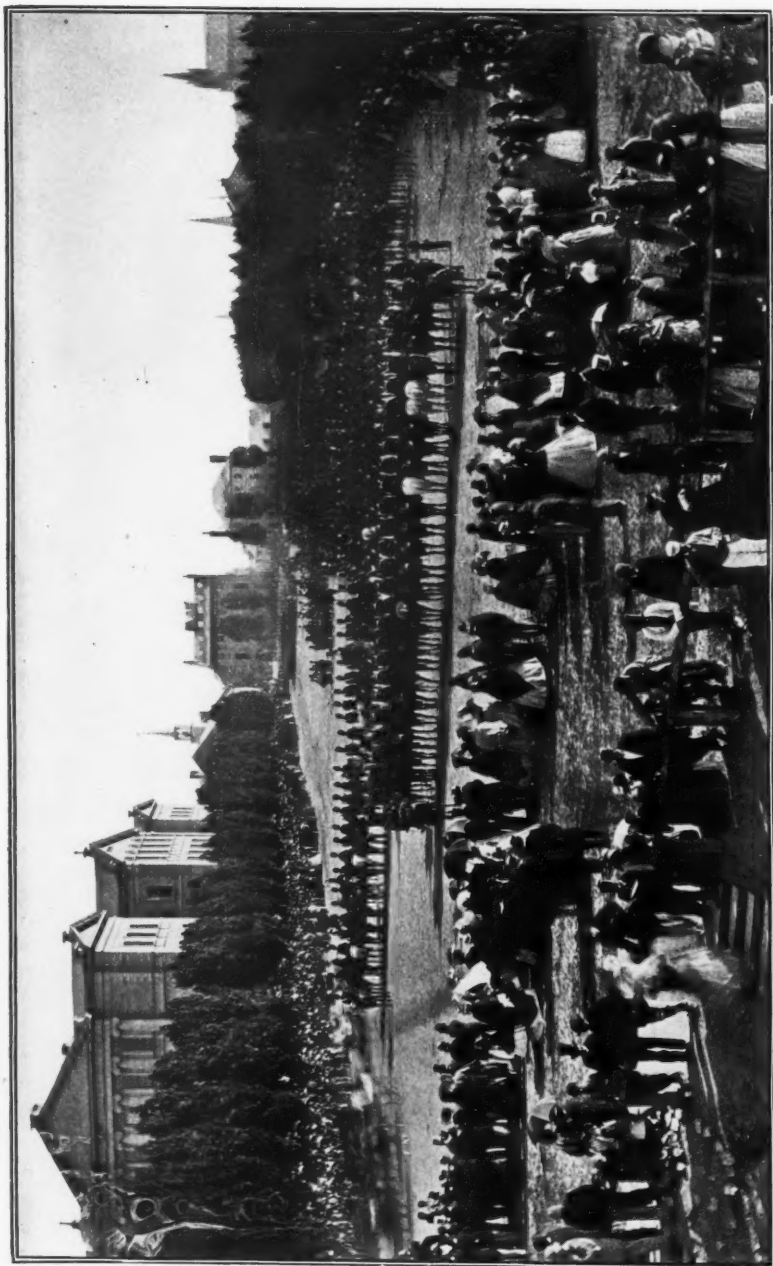
FROM A RARE PHOTOGRAPH.
PRINCE OF WALES REGIMENT IN CAMP AT DURHAM—FENIAN RIAD, 1866.



and a forward movement was decided upon.

This, however, proved a dismal failure. Only on the Missisquoi frontier was the soil of Canada invaded. A considerable camp of Fenians had

It was at the time a reproach to the Canadian authorities that they had left Missisquoi so unguarded, when a detachment from the strong camp at St. John's stationed at St. Armand would have saved the people of that county



FROM A RARE PHOTOGRAPH.

A MILITARY PARADE ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, MONTREAL, IN 1866.

The nearest Cavalry are the Royal Guides (the only corps to meet the Fenians in actual combat on the Quebec Frontier in 1866); just beyond them is the Montreal Troop of Cavalry; beyond them again are the Militia Corps of Montreal.

from some material losses and much perturbation of spirit. A panic prevailed along the front. Valuables were buried in the earth, farmers drove their cattle away back further into Canada, while others boldly moved their movable possessions across the line into the United States, where they were safe from molestation. Men sent their families into places of safety, not caring to trust them to the mercies of an undisciplined mob of free-booters. Scattered along the border, at short distances from it, are the Canadian villages of Phillipsburg, St. Armand, Cook's Corners, and Felighsburg; and the three latter had experience with the invaders. They levied contributions of food from the farmers, stole horses, and where houses were found locked up they broke into them and wrecked the furniture. They moved about in bands of forty or fifty; were not in uniform; and though they had officers, there was no attempt at discipline. They established camps, and made a number of prisoners, among them the High Sheriff of the district. A representative of a Montreal French daily, who had been sent to the front, ventured too near a picket, and created a sensation. A cry of "the British are coming!" was raised; the Fenians emerged in force and captured the reporter. They looted his pockets of their contents; and then he was forced to strip and exchange his good clothes for the rags of one of his captors. He was then taken before the Captain, who, finding him to be a French-Canadian, made a grandiloquent speech about the intention of the Fenian army being not to make war on those of his nationality, but to assist them in getting their liberty from England, and ordered his release, securing for him also the return of his clothes. For two days Felighsburg was in the hands of about five hundred of the enemy; but early on June 9th they received word that a British force was approaching, and a good many of them left at once for home. About two hundred, however, decided to meet the enemy, and removed to Pigeon Hill, near

Cook's Corners, where they threw up barricades across the roads about half-a-mile from the frontier, and prepared to defend them.

The British column for service in Missisquoi left St. John's early in the morning by train, and by noon they were at St. Armand, which was distant but a few miles from the Fenian camp. While preparing to march, two wag-gons drove up containing five Fenian prisoners, who, having straggled away from the main body, had been captured by the farmers. "These," a correspondent with the troops wrote, "were little scamps such as one sees about the streets of all great cities. One was a tolerably stout, resolute-looking fellow; another a mild-looking young man, much better dressed than the rest." The column started on its march for Pigeon Hill. The Granby and Waterloo volunteers, under Capt. Millard, formed the advance guard; then followed two Armstrong twelve-pounders with their regular quota of men from the Royal Artillery, under Captain Phipps; two companies of the Rifle Brigade, under charge of Major Nixon, who had command of the column; three companies of the 25th Regiment (one of them forming the rear guard); and the Royal Guides, a very smart cavalry corps, of Montreal, under the command of Capt. D. Lorn Macdougall. The day was a fine one; the roads were good; and such fast time was made that soon the enemy's neighbourhood was reached. On the way two more Fenian prisoners were brought in by farmers. One, of rather gentlemanly demeanour, was well-mounted; his horse was speedily impressed and soon had its face turned towards the frontier with a British officer on its back. He had been captured by a farmer, with the assistance of his son and the hired man.

As Pigeon Hill was neared the Royal Guides were ordered to the front for skirmishing duty; and the men turned out to make way for them, cheering as they went by. The Guides were the only body fortunate enough to have a brush with the enemy. The account of

what followed, as told the writer by a trooper, who took part in it, may be of interest. "I can remember as though it were but yesterday," he said, "how we went galloping by the regulars and militia, and how they cheered us. Soon afterwards we came to barricades made of brushwood across the road, and we got down off our horses and took them away. There was not a Fenian to be seen; their hearts had failed them at the pinch and they had fallen back towards the frontier. We rode along and soon came upon a mob of the enemy, perhaps a couple of hundred all told, racing for the boundary. Up on the crest of the hill the Royal Artillery was unlimbering its guns ready for action; and the sight added a poignancy to the yearning for home which was at that moment afflicting the Fenian breast. As we neared them our captain ordered a charge, telling us to use only the flat side of our swords; and in a minute we were in among them slashing right and left. I saw fellows tumbling head over heels as they were struck. Quite a number of Fenians emptied their guns, and I heard the zip, zip of bullets about my head. In this running fight we soon reached the boundary line. There a company of United States regulars was stationed, and as fast as a Fenian tumbled over the line he was seized and disarmed. We came charging right up to the boundary, but were warned by the American officer in charge not to cross it. Of course we had nothing to do but obey, but our commander took advantage of the occasion to express very vigorously his opinion of the United States Government for not having prevented the raid. The American officer merely shrugged his shoulders.

"We captured quite a few prisoners—a dozen or so. We galloped along the frontier for some distance and invested a barn in which we were told Gen. O'Neill was hiding. We surrounded it and then carried it with a rush, only to find that it was quite empty."

While this lively little brush was

going on, the regulars formed in loose order on the hill and marched into a belt of forest lying between them and the boundary in which it was thought Fenians were ambushed. It was, however, found quite guiltless of the enemy, and the troops returned to the hillside. The fighting was over, and so satisfied was the commander of the troops that there was no further danger, that with the exception of one company he marched the forces back to St. Armand that night. In all, sixteen Fenians were captured; and they were, at a court held in Sweetsburg at a later day, subjected to various terms of imprisonment.

The rebuff at Pigeon Hill was the last discouragement to the Fenians. The raid was formally called off; and the offer of the American War Department to send the members of the force home at its expense was eagerly accepted. In a week the Fenian army had faded away. Further west, along the Huntingdon frontier, they did not once set foot on Canadian soil, though they succeeded in keeping the countryside in a ferment for a fortnight, and in giving the Huntingdon columns of militia a good deal of marching to do. The command of this division was invested in Col. Osborne Smith, the commanding officer of the Victoria Rifles. The Prince of Wales Rifles was commanded by Lt.-Col. Bernard Devlin. Hemmingford was the first objective point of these troops, and they reached it late in the night of the day on which they left Montreal, June 2nd. There the men took shelter in the barns, while the farmhouses were thrown open to the officers. Next day a camp was formed; but two days later the Victoria Rifles were ordered to Huntingdon, in the western end of the county, which was menaced from Malone. Fenians were assembling at all the little villages across the line; there was among the inhabitants marked uneasiness threatening to develop into panic; and naturally the troops were enthusiastically welcomed. On the day following, the Prince of Wales Rifles were also ordered west, and left on a wearisome

march over wretched roads. It had been raining and at every step the foot went ankle deep in mud. The whole countryside turned out to welcome the militiamen as they passed along, the farmers supplying them with milk and young girls decorating them with flowers. At Havelock, where a stop was made for breakfast, there was much excitement, a rumour being current that on the previous evening the Victoria Rifles had been engaged by the enemy near Franklin Centre and cut to pieces. A march forward to this place was at once made and the falsity of the news established. The troops resumed their march from Franklin Centre in a heavy rain which kept up most of the afternoon; and when, after marching nearly thirty-two miles, they reached Durham (now known as Ormstown, Chateauguay), they were so worn out that the farmers of the neighbourhood turned out and did sentry duty so that they might all get under shelter and secure rest.

Next day the force went into camp and so continued until the end of the scene; the Victoria Rifles and the officers of the Commander being stationed at Huntingdon town, farther to the west. The troops suffered a good deal of privation. The departure from the city had been so sudden that many of the men supplied themselves with no changes of underclothing; and though the successive rains soaked them through and through, they had perforce to wear their sodden clothes. They were poorly shod for the heavy Huntingdon roads and many of the men became footsore. Relief organizations were set on foot in Montreal and clothing and other necessities forwarded as rapidly as the somewhat primitive transportation facilities of the time would permit. Major (then Ensign) E. L. Bond, writing of the Prince of Wales' camp at Durham, says: "No fighting occurred in the vicinity, although twice, owing to alarms, a portion of the regiment was sent out hurriedly towards the frontier for out-post duty. In one case

the mud was so heavy that men returned without their boots. The dearth of strong boots and clothing was the cause of great discomfort. Many men came out without a change, and naturally the clothing worn became demoralized. One morning when the regiment was drawn up for Adjutant's parade a man was reported absent, and on enquiry he was found to be in his tent. Upon being sent for with a peremptory order to appear, he turned out with a blanket tied around his waist like a skirt, and upon his action being called into account was fully justified, owing to the state in which his trousers were."

Of the alarms mentioned by Major Bond, the chief took place on June 10th. Late on the night of that day an orderly came galloping into camp from headquarters with instructions from the Commander. The note to Col. Devlin stated that a forward movement of the Fenians was expected, their chief object being the capture of the Beauharnois canal; and instructed him to send four companies to Anderson's Corner and to hold the remainder of his force in readiness for an attack. The regiment was awakened; four companies were started off in the dead of the night on what proved to be a wild goose chase; and the remaining five companies lay on their arms until daybreak. A week later the trouble was so nearly over that the troops were ordered back to Montreal by way of Beauharnois and the St. Lawrence River. The only martial episode of the whole campaign was the immuring in the guard-house at Hemmingford of a private in the Victoria Rifles for thrashing a fellow-soldier in the Prince of Wales' Rifles who had called the Victorias feather-bed soldiers.

By the third week in June Montreal had welcomed home with heartfelt gratitude her citizen soldiers, and a triumphal review on Logan's Park with over five thousand troops in line marked the definite closing of the Fenian scare of 1866.

John W. Daffoe.

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A run-away gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

VII.—THE SIXTH CUSTOMER AND THE SILVER TEAPOT.

OF all the people with whom Hagar had to do while managing the Lambeth pawnshop, she liked always to remember Margaret Snow. The memory of that pale, blind old maid, with her sorrowful story and her patient endurance, never died out of the girl's heart. The pitiful little episode of the silver teapot, which she pawned so unwillingly, and only out of sheer necessity; the sad tale recounted by the crushed creature, and the unexpected part which she took herself in the conclusion of such tale; all these things served to keep green the memory of the sad woman whom Hagar called her sixth customer. There was even something ludicrous in parts of the affair; something naive and childlike in the absolute simplicity of the romance; but Hagar never saw its humour. All she knew was that Margaret was a martyr and a saint, and that the world was the loser for not knowing her story. Such as it is, the tale runs thus:

It was dusk one November evening when Margaret came to the shop, with a parcel tied up in an old towel. Hagar knew her well by sight as a blind woman who lived in an attic of the end house of Carby's Crescent, and as one who earned a hard and penurious living by weaving hand-baskets of straw for a great emporium at the corner of the outside street. These baskets—a spe-

she had to live, and dress, and buy food, so her existence was really a kind of miracle. Still, she had never asked charity of a single soul, being proud and reserved; and throughout the years she had dwelt in Carby's Crescent she had never entered the pawnshop. Knowing this, Hagar was astonished to see her standing in one of the sentry-boxes, with the bundle placed on the counter before her.

"Miss Snow!" cried Hagar in sheer surprise. "What is the matter? Is there anything that I can do for you?"

The thin pale face of the woman flushed when she heard herself called by her name; and her voice was hesitating and low as she laid one slender finger on the bundle, before making reply.

"I have been ill, Miss Stanley," she explained softly, "so I have not done much work lately. Very little money has come in. I—I am obliged to—to pay my rent and—and—" She broke down altogether, and added desperately: "Please lend me something on this."

Hagar became a business woman at once. "What is it?" she said, undoing the bundle deftly.

"It is—it is—a silver teapot," faltered Miss Snow; "the only valuable I possess. I wish to pawn it for three months, until I can redeem it. I—I—hope to repay the money by then. Three—three pounds will be—" Her voice died away in her throat; and

cialty of the great shop—were given to customers in which to carry away small parcels; and as the demand was constant, the supply was the same. Margaret could always sell as many of these baskets as she could weave; but, although skilful and nimble with her long fingers, she could rarely earn more than ten shillings a week. On this Hagar saw a poor thin hand steal up to her averted face to brush away a tear.

The teapot was a square one of Georgian design, with fluted sides, an elegantly-curved spout, and a smooth handle of ivory. Hagar was quite willing to lend on it the required three pounds—as the silver was worth more—until she made a curious discovery. The lid of the pot was closed tightly, and soldered all round, in a manner which made it quite impossible to be opened. This odd circumstance rendered the teapot for all practical purposes entirely useless; no one could use an hermetically sealed vessel.

"Why is this teapot closed?" asked Hagar in surprise.

"It was done thirty years ago by my order," replied the blind woman in a calm voice; then, after a pause, she added in faint and hesitating tones: "There are letters in it."

"Letters? Whose letters?"

"Mine and—a person's with whom you have no concern. Please do not ask any more questions, Miss Stanley. Give me the money and let me go. I hope to redeem the teapot in three months."

Hagar hesitated and looked doubtful. "As it is sealed up, the teapot is hardly of much use," she said after a pause. "Take it back, my dear Miss Snow, and I'll lend you the three pounds."

"Thank you, no," replied the old maid coldly. "I take charity from no one. If you can't lend the money on the teapot, give me back my property."

"Oh, well, I'll take it in pawn if you like," rejoined Hagar with a shrug. "Here are three sovereigns, and I'll make out the ticket at once."

The hand of the blind woman closed on the money with a sigh of mingled

regret and relief. When Hagar returned with the ticket she saw that Margaret was fondling the piece of silver as though unwilling to part with it. She drew back, flushing, on hearing the approaching footsteps of Hagar, and taking the ticket in silence, moved away with tears running down her withered cheeks. Hagar was touched by this mute misery.

"Can you find your way back home in the darkness?" she called out.

"My dear," said the elder woman with dignity, "day and night are the same to me. You forget that I am blind. Also," she added, with an attempt at lightness, "I know every inch of this neighbourhood."

When she departed Hagar put away the teapot, and wondered a little over the odd circumstance of it being closed, and containing love-letters. She was certain that the letters were concerned with love from the faltering way in which Margaret had mentioned them; also because they were her own and "a person's with whom you have no concern."

The last sentence, as spoken by the blind woman, showed Hagar only too truly her indomitable reserve and pride. She must have been reduced to her last crust before she could have brought herself to pawn the queer casket—and a teapot as a receptacle for love-letters was very queer indeed—which contained the evidence of her youth's dead romance. Thirty years ago the teapot had been sealed; Hagar knew also that thirty years ago the heart of this blind and unattractive old maid had been broken. Here indeed was material for a true romance—and that of the strangest, the most pitiful.

"What a strange place is a pawnshop!" said Hagar, philosophising to herself. "All the flotsam and jetsam of human lives drift into it. Broken hearts, wrecked careers, worn-out and dead romances—this is the place for them all. I should like to know the story of that sealed-up teapot."

Indeed, so curious she was to know it that she felt half inclined to call on the old maid and ask for information.

But Hagar, although a poor girl, and a wandering gipsy, and the manageress of a low London pawnshop, had a natural instinct of delicacy which withheld her from forcing the confidence of one disinclined to give it.

Miss Snow was a lady born, as all Carby's Crescent knew, and her unbending pride was proverbial. The few words with which she had checked Hagar's inquiries about the letters enshrined in the teapot showed plainly enough that the subject of the hinted romance was not one to be touched upon. Hagar, therefore, kept the teapot in the shop, and forbore to call upon its owner.

For some weeks Margaret continued to weave her baskets and take them to the shop which employed her. She went to church every Sunday morning, according to her usual custom; and other than these outings she remained secluded in her freezing garret. In that year the winter was particularly severe in London, and snow fell thickly before Christmas. In her desire to save money for the redemption of the teapot, Margaret denied herself a fire, and reduced the amount of food she took to as little as would sustain life. In her thin clothing and well-worn shoes she went to shop and church amid falling snow, and in the teeth of cutting winds. Naturally, with lack of clothing, food and fire, with her weight of years, and emaciated frame, she fell ill. One morning she did not appear, and the woman of the house sought the attic, to find its occupant in bed.

Still, her bold spirit, her inborn pride, kept her resolute to refuse charity; and she wove her baskets sitting up in her truckle-bed, between bouts of pain and anguish. In these straits she must have died, but that God in His pity for this helpless and tortured woman sent an angel to aid her. The angel was Hagar; and a very practical angel she proved to be.

Learning from the gossip of the neighbourhood that Miss Snow was ill, and remembering the episode of the silver teapot, Hagar marched up to the freezing garret and took charge of

the old maid. Margaret objected with all her feeble force; but the kind-hearted gipsy girl was not to be deterred from doing what she conceived to be her duty.

"You are ill and alone, so I must look after you," she said, throwing a rug, which she had brought, over the poor woman.

"But I cannot pay you. All I have of value is the silver teapot."

"Well," said Hagar, proceeding to kindle a good fire, "that is safe in my shop, so don't trouble about it. As to payment, we'll talk about that when you get better."

"I shall never get better," groaned Margaret, and turned her face to the wall. And, indeed, Hagar thought that was true enough. Worn by years of cold and privation, Margaret's body was too feeble to resist much longer the inroads of disease. When she left her garret again it would be feet foremost; and another London pauper would be added to the great army of the unknown dead. With Margaret the sands of time were running out very rapidly.

Hagar was like a sister to her. She supplied her with fire and food and blankets; she gave her wine to drink; and, when she could get away from the shop, she came oftentimes to sit by that poor bedside. It was on such an occasion that she heard the one romance of Margaret's life, and learnt why the love-letters—they were truly love-letters—had been placed in the silver teapot.

It was late in December, and the ground was white with snow. The shops, even in Carby's Crescent, were being decked with holly and mistletoe for the season of Yule; and after closing the premises Hagar had come to pass an hour with Margaret. There was a good fire—one which would have made wrathful the miserly heart of the late Jacob Dix—and a fair amount of light from two candles placed on the mantelpiece. Margaret was cheerful, even gay, on this evening; and with her hand in Hagar's she thanked the girl for her kindness.

"But, indeed, thanks are weak," said the blind woman; "you have fed the hungry and clothed the naked. After thirty years of doubt, my dear, you have restored my faith in human nature."

"How did you lose it?"

"Through a man, my dear; one who said that he loved me, yet who broke off our engagement without any reason."

"That was strange. Why did you not ask him for his reason?"

"I could not," said Margaret, with a sigh; "he was in India. But it is a long story, my dear. If you care to listen——"

"I shall be delighted!" said Hagar, quickly—"especially if it explains why you sealed up the letters in the teapot."

"Yes; it explains that. In that teapot—which was the only present I ever received from John Mask—I placed his cruel letters thirty years ago; also mine to him, which he sent back."

"Why did he send back your letters?" asked Hagar.

"I don't know; I cannot say; but he returned them. Oh!" she cried, with a burst of anguish, "how cruel, how cruel! and I loved him so—I loved him! But he forgot me and married Jane Lorrimer. Now they are rich and prosperous and happy, while I—I am dying a pauper in a garret. And the silver teapot is pawned," she finished, pathetically.

Hagar patted the thin hand which gripped the bedclothes. "Tell me the story," said she, soothingly—"that is, if it will not cause you too much pain."

"Pain!" echoed Margaret, bitterly. "When the heart is broken it feels no pain, and mine was broken thirty years ago by John Mask." She remained silent for a moment, and then continued: "I lived at Christchurch, in Hants, my dear, in a little cottage just outside the town. This I inherited from my parents, together with a trifle of money—not much, indeed, but sufficient to live on. Both my father and mother had died, leaving me alone in the world at the age of twenty; so I lived in my

cottage with Lucy Dyke and a little maid as my servants. Lucy was near my own age, and looked after the house well. I was blind, you see, my dear," said Margaret, softly, and could do nothing for myself. Dear Lord! but I have had to earn my bread since then."

Overcome by bitter memories, she paused for a moment. Hagar did not dare to break the silence; and in a short time Margaret resumed her tale.

"Also, I had a dear friend called Jane Lorrimer, who lived near with her parents, and who visited me constantly. We were like sisters, and I loved her better than anyone in the world, till John Mask came to Christchurch. He was visiting the rector of the parish, and I met him. Although I never saw his face, I was told that he was very handsome; and he had a sweet, low voice, which charmed me greatly. You know, my dear, how we poor blind folk love a sympathetic voice. Well, I loved John, but I had no idea that there would be any return of that love; for how could a blind girl hope that a handsome young man would look on her—especially," added Margaret in a melancholy tone, "when Jane was so beautiful?"

"But he did not love Jane," observed Hagar significantly.

"No," said the blind woman proudly; "he loved me, and this he told me after we had known each other for a year. We became engaged, and life was then at its brightest for me. However, he was going out to India to be a tea-planter; and he said when he was settled there and had made a fair amount of money that he would send for me. Alas! alas! that promise was never kept."

"Why wasn't it?" asked Hagar bluntly.

"Who can tell?" said Mary sadly. "Not I; not Jane. She was as surprised as I was when the end came. Although blind, my dear, I can write fairly well, and John made me promise to correspond with him. I did so for more than a year, and he answered faithfully."

"Who read his letters to you?"

"Sometimes Jane, sometimes Lucy Dyke. Ah! they were both good friends to me in my trouble. At first John's letters were very affectionate, but as the months went by they grew colder and colder. Oftentimes Jane said that she would not read them to me. I wrote to John asking the meaning of this change; but his replies were not satisfactory. At last, eighteen months after his departure, I received back my letters."

"Really! Did Jane or Lucy bring them to you?"

"No; Jane was absent in London seeing friends; and Lucy at the moment was out of the house. The little maid brought me the packet. I opened it, thinking it might be a present from John, as he had given me nothing but the silver teapot, which he presented to me before he departed. I made the little maid wait till I opened the packet; and I asked her to read the letter from John enclosed."

"Did she?"

"Yes; oh, the pain of it," cried Margaret. "He said it was best that our engagement should end, and that he returned to me my letters, thirteen in all. Not an excuse, or a sigh, or a regret. Only two curt, cruel lines, breaking off our engagement, and the packet of my letters. I was distracted with grief; and I placed the letters in my bosom while I wept."

"What did Lucy say when she returned?"

"She was very angry with the little maid for having read the letter to me, and causing me such pain. She wanted me to destroy my own letters, but I refused. I kept them by me day and night; John had touched them, and they were all that remained to me of him. I saw that my romance was dead and done with. I took my own letters and those he had written me, and tying them up in a bundle, I placed them with my own hands in the silver teapot. Then I went to a jeweller and had the lid closed. It has not been opened since."

"Did you tell Lucy, or Jane, that you had done this?"

"I told no one. I kept my own secret, and none guessed what the teapot contained, of my one hour of happiness. Shortly afterwards misfortunes fell upon me. I lost my money through the wickedness of my trustee, and had to give up my house and dismiss Lucy and the little maid. Jane went out to India to an uncle, and she took with her Lucy as maid. In six months from her departure I heard that she had married John Mask."

"Did she write and tell you so?"

"No; she never wrote to me, nor did he. As for myself, after receiving back my letters with those cruel two lines, after enshrining them in the teapot, I strove to forget him. I never wrote a line to him; I never mentioned him. He had treated me cruelly, and he was dead to me. That was the end of my romance, my dear."

"And how did you come to London?"

"I lost my all, as I told you," said Margaret simply, "and as I could not bear to live poor, where I had been well off, I left Christchurch and came to London. Oh, my dear, why should I tell you of the miseries I endured! Blind and poor and friendless, I suffered greatly; but it was all nothing compared to the suffering of that hour when John broke my heart. Finally I drifted here, to earn my bread by weaving baskets; and here I die. Alas! poor Margaret Snow!"

"And John Mask and his wife?"

"They live in the West End, in Berkeley Square, rich and prosperous, with sons and daughters by their side. Lucy is the housekeeper. Oh, I learnt it all from a friend of mine in Christchurch. Ah! how happy—how happy they are!"

"Did you reveal yourself to them?"

"No. Why should I? They would not care for me to haunt them like a ghost of the past. They are rich and honoured and happy."

"And you lie here, poor and dying!" said Hagar bitterly.

"Yes; it is hard—hard. But I must not complain. God has sent you to make my last moments happy. You

are good—good, my dear. You have done much for me; but one thing more you must do. Open the teapot."

"What!" cried Hagar in surprise—"open what has been closed for thirty years!"

"Yes; I wish you to read me John's letters before I die. Let me go to my rest knowing that he loved me once. To-morrow, my dear, you must do this for me. Promise."

"I promise," said Hagar, folding the blankets over her. "To-morrow I shall have the teapot opened, and bring you the letters—your own and John Mask's."

With this promise she took her leave for the night, after seeing that Margaret was warm and comfortable. In her own bed, Hagar meditated upon the sadness of the story which had been told to her; on the passionate love of the man for the blind woman, which had died away so strangely. That he should have ceased to love Margaret was not uncommon, as men, particularly when absent, are only too often prone to forget those they leave at home; but it was curious that he should have married Jane Lorrimer. A doubt stole into Hagar's mind as to whether Margaret had been treated fairly; whether there might not have been other reasons for the sudden ending of her romance than she knew of. For such suspicion Hagar had no grounds to go on; nevertheless, she could not rid her mind of the doubt. Perhaps the letters might set it at rest; perhaps all had happened as Margaret had told. Nevertheless, Hagar was anxious that the morrow should come—that the teapot should be opened and the letters read. Then she would learn if treachery and woman's wiles had parted the lovers, or if the story was merely one—as Margaret believed—of a faithless man and a broken-hearted woman.

The next day Hagar left the shop in charge of Bolker, and took the silver teapot to a jeweller in the adjacent thoroughfare. He soon melted the solder, and opened the lid. Within, beneath a pile of withered rose-leaves,

she found the packet of letters, tied up with a blue ribbon. There was something sacrilegious to her imaginative mind in thus disturbing the relics of this dead-and-done-with romance; and it was with reverent care that Hagar carried the teapot and its contents to the house in Carby's Crescent. After thirty years of mouldering under the rose-leaves these letters, yellow and faded, were restored to the light of day; and the woman who had written them when young and fair, was now lying heart-broken and dying in the winter of her age. Hagar was profoundly moved as she sat by that humble bedside with the ancient love-letters on her lap.

"Read them all," said Margaret, with the tears running down her face; "read the letters of John in which he told me of his love thirty years ago. Thirty years! Ah, dear God! when I was young and happy! Oh, oh, oh! Youth and love!" she wept, beating the bed-clothes with trembling hands—"love and youth! Gone! gone!—and I lie dying!"

Steadying her voice with an effort in the presence of this sacred grief, Hagar read the letters written from India by the absent lover. There were ten or twelve of them—charming letters, full of pure and undying love. From first to last there was no sentiment but what breathed devotion and trust. The writer spoke tenderly of his poor blind love; he promised to make her life happy, to strew her path with roses, and in every way to show himself worthy of honour and affection. Up to the twelfth letter there was not a hint of parting, or of a desire to break off the engagement; only in the thirteenth letter—two curt lines, as Margaret had said—came the announcement, with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a thunderbolt. "It is better that our engagement should end," wrote John coldly; "therefore I return you the thirteen letters you wrote me." And that was all. This unexpected communication, coming so suddenly after the fervour of the dozen letters, took away Hagar's breath.

"Excepting in the last I do not see anything cruel or cold in these letters, Miss Snow," said Hagar, when she had ended her reading.

Margaret put up one thin hand to her head. "No, no," she stammered confusedly; "and yet I am sure John wrote cruelly. It is so long ago that perhaps I forget; but his last letters were cold, and hinted at a desire that we should part. I remember Jane and Lucy reading them to me."

"I don't see any hint of that," replied Hagar doubtfully; "in fact, in the last two or three he asks, as you have heard, why you wish the marriage postponed."

"I never wished that!" murmured Margaret, perplexed. "I wanted to marry John and be with him always. Certainly I never said such a thing when I wrote to him. Of that I am sure."

"We can soon prove it," said Hagar, taking up the other packet. "Here are your letters to John—all of them. Shall I read them?"

Receiving an eager assent, the girl arranged the epistles in order of dates, and read them slowly. They were scrawled rather than written, in the large, childish handwriting of the blind; and most of them were short, but the first six were full of love and a desire to be near John. The seventh letter, which was better written than the previous ones, breathed colder sentiments; it hinted that the absent lover could do better than marry a blind girl—who might be a drag on him, it said.

"Stop! stop!" cried Margaret breathlessly. "I never wrote that letter!"

She was sitting up in the bed, with her grey hair pushed off her thin, eager face; and turning her sightless eyes towards Hagar, she seemed almost to see the astonished face of the girl in the intensity of her desire.

"I never wrote that letter!" repeated Margaret in a shrill voice of excitement; "you are making some mistake."

"Indeed I read only what is written," said Hagar; "let me continue. When I finish the other five letters we

will talk of them. But I fear—I fear——"

"You fear what?"

"That you have been deceived. Wait—wait! say nothing till I read."

Margaret sank back on her pillow with a grey face and quick in-drawn breathing. She dreaded what was coming, as Hagar well knew; so the girl continued to read the letters hurriedly, lest she should be interrupted. They were all—that is, the last five or six—written in better style of handwriting than the former ones; and each letter was colder than the last. The writer did not want to leave her quiet English home for distant India. She was afraid that the engagement was a mistake; when she consented to the marriage she did not know her own mind. Moreover, Jane Lorrimer loved him; she was——

"Jane!" interrupted Margaret with a cry—"what had Jane to do with my love for John? I never wrote those last letters; they are forgeries!"

"Indeed, they look like it," said Hagar, examining the letters; "the handwriting is that of a person who can see—much better than the writing of the early letters."

"I always wrote badly," declared Margaret feverishly. "I was blind; it was hard for me to pen a letter. John did not expect—expect—oh, dear Lord, what does it all mean?"

"It means that Jane deceived you."

"Deceived me!" wailed Margaret feebly—deceived her poor blind friend No, no!"

"I am certain of it!" said Hagar firmly. "When you told me your story, I was doubtful of Jane; now that I have read those forged letters—for forged they are—I am certain of it. Jane deceived you, with the aid of Lucy."

"But why, dear Lord, why?"

"Because she loved John and wished to marry him. You stood in the way, and she removed you. Well, she gained her wish; she parted you from John, and became Mrs. Mask."

"I can't believe it; Jane was my friend."

"Naturally; and for that reason deceived you," said Hagar bitterly. "Oh, I know well what friendship is! But we must find out the truth. Tell me the exact address of Mrs. Mask."

"For what reason?"

"Because I shall call and see her. I shall learn the truth, and right you in the eyes of John."

"What use?" wept Margaret bitterly. "My life is over and I am dying. What use?"

Feeble and hopeless, she would have made no effort herself, but Hagar was determined that the secret, buried in the silver teapot for thirty years, should be known, if not to the world, at least to John Mask. These many days he had deemed Margaret faithless, and had married a woman who, he believed, gave him that love which the blind girl had refused. Now he should learn that the wife was the traitress, that the rejected woman had been true and faithful even unto death. Hagar made up her mind to this course, and forcing the address from the unwilling lips of Margaret, she went the very next day to the stately mansion in Berkeley Square. So came Nemesis to the faithless friend after the lapse of thirty years. The justice of the gods is slow, but it is certain.

Margaret lay weeping in her bed. As yet her feeble brain could not grasp the truth. John, whom she had believed faithless, had been true; and in his eyes, all these years, it was she who had been cruel. To her all was confusion and doubt. Not until the afternoon of the next day did she learn the truth for certain. It was Hagar who told it to her.

"I went to the house in Berkeley Square," said Hagar, "and I asked for Mrs. Mask. She was out, and I saw the housekeeper—none other than your former servant, Lucy Dyke; Mrs. Jael now," added the girl contemptuously—"well off, trusted and comfortable. That is the reward of her treachery."

"No, no! Lucy—surely she did not deceive me?"

"I made her confess it," said Hagar

sternly. "I told her of the letters in the teapot; of your hard life, and of your dying bed. At first she denied everything; but when I threatened to tell Mr. Mask the wretch confessed the truth. Yes, my poor Miss Snow, you were deceived—bitterly deceived—by your friend and your servant. They made a sport of your blindness and love."

"Cruel! cruel!" moaned Margaret, trembling violently.

"Yes, it was cruel; but it is the way of the world," said Hagar with bitterness. "It seems that Jane was in love with your John; but as he was true to you, she could not hope to marry him. Determined, however, to do so, she bribed Lucy with money, and the pair resolved to part you from John by means of lying letters. Those you wrote to India never reached him. Instead of your epistles, Jane forged in your name, others—which I read to you—urging a breaking-off of the engagement, and hinting at her own love. John thought they came from you, and wrote back—as you have heard *now*—asking why you wished the marriage broken off. When Lucy or Jane read the letters to you thirty years ago, they altered the sense so that you should think John cruel. But why explain further?" cried Hagar with a burst of deep anger. "You saw—you know how they succeeded. John broke off the engagement and sent you back your letters. For that your treacherous enemies were not prepared. If Lucy had been in the house you would never have received the packet. No wonder she wanted you to burn the letters, seeing that the forged ones were amongst them. Had you not hidden them away in the silver teapot, Lucy would have found means to destroy them. However, you know how they have been preserved these thirty years, to prove the truth at last. Revenge yourself, Miss Snow! Jane is the honoured wife of John; Lucy is the confidential housekeeper, comfortable and happy. Tell John the truth, and ruin both vixens!"

"Oh, what shall I do? What can

"I do?" cried Margaret. "I do not want to be cruel, but they ruined my life. Jane—"

"She is coming to see you; and John also," said Hagar rapidly. "The two will be here in an hour. Then you can denounce the treachery of Jane, and show John those letters to prove it. Ruin her! She ruined you."

Margaret said nothing. She was a religious woman, and nightly recited the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Now—and in no idle fashion—she was called upon to prove the depth of her belief—the extent of her charity. She was asked to forgive her bitterest enemies, those two women who had ruined her life, and who had built up prosperous existences on such ruins. It was hard to say "Go in peace" to these. Hagar was implacable, and urged revenge; but Margaret—weak, sweet soul—leant to the side of charity. Waiting the arrival of her false friend, her lost lover, she prayed for guidance and for strength to sustain her in the coming ordeal. It was the last and most painful phase of her long, long martyrdom.

Mrs. Mask arrived an hour afterwards, as Hagar had announced, but alone. Her husband had been detained by business, she explained to the girl, and would come on later. Like herself, he was anxious to see their dying friend.

"Does he know the truth?" asked Hagar, before admitting the visitor.

Jane was now a large and prosperous woman, with an imperious temper, and, in an ordinary case, she would have replied sharply. But the discovery of her treachery, the knowledge that her victim was dying, had broken her down entirely. With a pale face and quivering lips, she shook her head, and signed that she could not bring herself to speak. Hagar stood aside and permitted her to pass in silence. She would have lashed the perfidious woman with her tongue, but deemed it more just that the traitress should be punished by the friend she had wronged so bitterly. Mrs. Mask entered the

room and slowly walked over to the bedside. The blind woman recognized her footstep.

"Jane," said Margaret reproachfully, "have you come to look at your work?"

The prosperous lady recoiled as she saw the wreck of the merry, happy girl she had known thirty years before. Tongue-tied by the knowledge that Margaret spoke truly, she could only stand like a culprit beside the bed, and like a culprit wait her sentence. Hagar remained at the door to listen.

"Have you nothing to say," gasped Margaret faintly—"you, who lied about me with your accomplice—who made my John believe me faithless? My John, alas! he has been yours—won by dishonour—these thirty years!"

"I—I loved him!" stammered the other woman, goaded to defend herself.

"Yes, you loved him and betrayed me. For years I have suffered hunger and cold; for years I have lived with a broken heart, alone and miserably!"

"I—I—oh, I am sorry!"

"Sorry! Can your sorrow give me back thirty years of wasted life—of long-enduring agony? Can sorrow make me what I should have been—what you are—a happy wife and mother?"

"Margaret," implored Jane, sinking on her knees, "forgive me! In spite of all my prosperity, I have suffered in secret. My sin has come home to me many a time, and made me weep. I searched for you when I returned to England; I could not find you. Now I am willing to make what expiation you wish."

"Then tell your husband how you tricked him and ruined me."

"No—no! Anything but that Margaret! for God's sake! I should die of shame if he knew. He loves me now; we are old; we have children. Two of my boys are in the army; my daughter is a wife and a mother. What you will, but not that; it would destroy all; it would kill me!"

She bowed her head on the bed-clothes and wept. Margaret reflected.

Her revenge was within her grasp. John was coming, and a word from her would make him loathe the woman he had loved and honoured these many years—would make him despise the mother of his children. No, she could not be so cruel as to ruin the innocent to punish the guilty. Besides, Jane had loved him, and it was her love which had made her sin. Margaret raised herself feebly and laid her thin hands upon the head of the woman who had martyred her.

"I forgive you, Jane. Go in peace. John shall never know."

Jane lifted up her face in amazement at this God-like forgiveness. "You will not tell him?" she muttered.

"No. No one shall tell him. Hagar, swear to me that you will keep silent?"

"I swear," said Hagar, a little sullenly. "But you are wrong."

"No; I am right. To gain forgiveness we must forgive others. My poor Jane, you were tempted, and you fell. Of Lucy I shall say nothing; God will bring home her sin to her in—Ah! dear Lord! Hagar! I—I—I die!"

Hagar ran to the bedside and placed her arms round the lean frame of poor Margaret. Her face was grey, her eyes glazed, and her body fell back in the arms of Hagar like a dead thing. She was dying; the end of her martyrdom was at hand.

"Give! give——" she whispered, striving to raise one feeble hand.

"The teapot!" said Hagar. "Quick—give it to her!"

Jane seized the teapot—ignorant that it contained the letters which proved her guilt—and placed it in the hands of the poor soul. She clasped it feebly to her breast, and a smile of delight crept slowly over her grey face.

"John's gift!" she faltered, and then—died.

A moment later the door was pushed open, and a portly man with grey hair entered the room. He saw Jane sobbing by the bedside, Hagar kneeling with tears in her eyes, and on the

bed the dead body of the woman he had loved.

"I am too late," said he, approaching. "Poor Margaret!"

"She has just died," whispered Hagar. "Take your wife away."

"Come, my dear," said John, raising the repentant woman; "we can do no good. Poor Margaret! to think that she would not marry me! Well, it is best so; God has given me a good and true wife in her place."

With Jane on his arm, the lover of Margaret moved towards the door. "I shall, of course, see to the funeral," he said in a pompous tone. "She shall be buried like a princess."

"Indeed, Mr. Mask!—and she lived like a beggar!"

A faint flush of colour crept into the man's cheeks, withered with age. "That was not my fault," he said haughtily; "had I known of her wants I would have helped her; though, indeed," he added bitterly, "she deserved little at the hands of one whom she wronged so deeply. I loved her, and she was faithless."

"Ah!" cried Hagar, and for the moment she felt inclined to tell the truth; but the memory of her promise restrained her; also a glance at the white face of Jane, who thought that her secret was about to be revealed.

"What do you say?" asked John, looking back.

"Nothing. But—the silver teapot?"

"My gift. Let it be buried with her."

He passed through the door without another word, leaving Hagar alone with the dead. Had he known of the contents of the teapot, which the dead woman had clasped in her arms, he might not have departed with his wife by his side. But he went out ignorant and happy.

Hagar looked at the retiring forms of the married pair; at the white face of the dead woman; at the bare, bleak room and the silver teapot. Then she laughed.

(To be Continued.)

ONE TRAMP.

IN the year 188-, in one of the lesser English families, there occurred a domestic disturbance which resulted in sending the younger son forth into the New World. The heat of those who remained soon subsided, and their love, greater than their anger, sought repentantly and unremittingly for the wanderer. But America is a wide continent, and for ten years the search had been in vain. For Fred, ever generous and kind, was erratic, impulsive and proud, and ill-fitted to make his way alone in the great world, or to face the struggle of life in all its seriousness. And so, despite his best efforts, little by little he lost ground, lower and lower he sank, until, at the date of our story, he formed one of a gang, half tramps, half thieves, which infested the northern part of Pennsylvania.

These men had lost their respect for the sacredness of vested rights. Few of them were tramps by choice. Most of them had battled hard for honourable success, but, some from inherent weakness, some from external pressure, had been failures. They had toiled, but reaped not; others, who mayhap had not toiled, saw perennial harvest.

But to-night they talk of a more desperate deed, for they plan to trifle with human life. Gathered in an empty box-car these outcasts of society broach their scheme. It lacks but a day of Christmas, and on to-morrow's eve a fast Special will pass over the D. L. & W. Railroad from Buffalo to New York. It is known that this Special is to carry several money packages of great value; its baggage and express cars will be packed with much valuable merchandise and with many a costly present; and its coaches will be filled with the wealthy and well-to-do hurrying homewards for the festal day. With dynamite placed upon the track so as to explode when struck by the engine, the gang plot to wreck this

train, and then take their chances for rich plunder. The spot selected is at a lonely siding running into an immense gravel pit; this, they think, will furnish a convenient stage upon which to carry forward their inhuman tragedy.

Fred hears this diabolical plot unfolded with horror and dismay, for, low as he has sunk, down-trodden tramp as he is, his heart is yet too true to its fellows; his love for humanity, which has shown but little love to him, is yet too strong to permit him to enter willingly into that which involves the sacrifice of human life and the desolation of innocent hearts. He raises his voice in protest:

"But, Jinks" (Jinks is their recognized leader), "this thing isn't right; it isn't fair or square. These folks haven't done us any harm; mebbe some of them have given us a meal now and again. Anyhow, we haven't any call fer to take life just because we're out of a job; it's going too far."

"Shut up, you fool!" growled Jinks, "much they nobs care whether we live or die, an' why should we care about 'em, I'd like ter know. They'd hang us all if they could, an' a bite o' cold wittles now an' again ain't all the dooty o' man to man, I reckon. Let 'em give us fair play, I say, or take their chances."

"But," interposed Fred again, "the thing's too risky. Life's sure to be lost, an' that means hanging for those of us as are caught, and, ten to one, some of us is bound to be."

"Well, jest as soon go to the devil hangin' as starvin'," responded Jinks, "and let those as is to blame keep us company. We hain't got work, we hain't got wittles, and we hain't got money; these chaps hes all the money, an' now we're goin' fer to git our share, an' hanging's no bigger risk than starvin'."

"If you're afeerd, Chirpy," spoke up another of the gang, calling Fred

by the name given to him from his general cheerfulness, "If you're afeerd, then yer needn't come. We'll do the work an' giv' yer a share afterwards, too; ther ain't nothin' close-fisted about this yer gang, but bust me if I thought Chirpy was a coward, boys!"

This loosed the tongues of the tramps, some of them chaffing Fred, others sneering at him, and others contending that Chirpy was "as bould as the best," but all fully bent on the evil deed; and Fred saw that further protest was useless.

The night and the day which followed was a time of torture to poor Fred. The awfulness of the deed, the guilty sense of participation, and the feeling that he dare not bear a hand in such crime, grew upon him until he suffered like one whose reason totters upon its throne. Now his far-away English home rises up before him with all its accustomed Christmas cheer. He sees his dear old mother, her heart at this season more than ever full of her wandering boy. She is praying for him now, praying that God will guard him wherever he may be. Fred feels it; he knows it; and will any one deny the truth of his conviction, the fact of that prayer, or its utility? Be that as it may, the soul of the man in the body of the tramp responds. No! he will be true to himself, his mother and his God; the brand of Cain he will not wear.

But it is not easy to elude his comrades. Through the day the gang have scattered far and wide in groups of two and three, and some have procured the deadly dynamite. Then, as darkness falls, they rendezvous at the chosen gravel pit. Soon the track patrol passes for the night, lights the switch lamp and disappears. Now the desperate wretches place their dynamite in position, and retire amongst the overhanging bushes, to await their carnival of devilry. Fred's agony and horror grew momentarily more unendurable. Already he sees, or seems to see, the upward leap of the locomotive, arrested in its onward way. He hears the loud crash, the grinding timber,

the hideous hissing of the escaping steam, the shrieks and groans of the suffering, and the mingled prayers and imprecations of the unhurt. Car is piled upon car, baggage is hurled in every direction, and all around lie the mangled and the maimed, the injured and the dead. Fire adds its ferocity to complete the fiendish scene, while here and there, like vultures of the night, his nefarious comrades probe for pitiless plunder. Fred's every faculty revolts in terror. He cannot endure the sight. It must not be.

But what can he do? All day he has watched for a chance to give the alarm, and found none. Now it is too late, and—listen! Yes! it is! Away in the distance he hears the first faint warning whistle of the fated train. Ten minutes more and imagination will be reality. Some one must warn the unsuspecting engineer of that Special, or no power on earth can prevent the catastrophe, and every second now is vital. Again that warning whistle! louder and clearer this time.

Born of desperation, a plan flashes into Fred's mind, and with it the determination and strength to execute it. In the darkness, separating himself from the excited members of the gang, he slips quickly down the gravel pit, and with feverish noiselessness and caution makes his way along its sides until he reaches the switch. Then the thunder of the on-coming Special sounding in his ears gives him the strength of two men, and with frantic effort he wrenches the switch lamp from its fastenings, and dashes madly down the track in the face of the flying thunderbolt, waving his signal wildly to and fro above his head and raising shout after shout in the futility of desperation.

Is it too late? Will they never heed his signal? Must this slaughter be, and bloodguiltiness be on his head?

The blaze of the headlight is full on him now. He gathers his strength together for a final effort, when crack! crack! crack! a volley of pistol shots comes flying through the air from the ambuscade of the enraged desperadoes, at first stunned, but now chagrined at

this sudden imperilling of their design. Fred falls on the rails, hit on the leg.

But the engineer has seen the waving light. "Down brakes" has screeched through the night. Levers are reversed, and the mighty winged mass of iron and steel, straining and spluttering in his harness, comes to a complete stop within ten feet of the body of a tramp, and not one hundred feet away from a full charge of one of the most powerful explosives of which the world has knowledge.

Fred has not lost consciousness, and a word tells his story. The train-crew remove the fatal explosive, but they scour the bushes in vain for those who placed it with deadly intent, and are obliged to content themselves with reporting the attempt at the next station. They lift the tramp carefully into the baggage car, and while a surgeon from amongst the passengers examines the wounded limb, the mighty engine plunges forward once more.

The tale runs rapidly from end to end of the long train, and varied and complex are the emotions which it stirs in the breasts of the hundreds of happy holiday travellers, as they picture, and scarcely dare to picture, the terrible possibilities which have been averted. Thankfulness in some form or other, whether it be mere selfish pleasure at life preserved, or a holy tribute to the Giver of all life, or gratitude towards His agent, a tramp—thankfulness, in some form, is the predominant feeling of every heart, and mingles with admiration for the noble deed and the noble doer of it. Their thanks and their admiration must find tangible expression. The subscription-list is started, and men who wouldn't give five cents to save the life of another, now moved by a brave act and the saving of their own lives, join with philanthropists in contributing handsomely toward a purse for the benefit of one tramp. Then the passengers settle down for the remainder of the journey, some to meditate, others to pray, some to tremble in terror to their journey's end, others to talk the exciting occur-

rence over in all its bearings, and tell of similar experiences.

But one of their number has a heart which abounds more in love for others than do the hearts of his fellow-travellers. For amongst capitalists as amongst tramps some are more true to humanity than others, and the same love of his kind which deterred Fred from consenting to their destruction now impels one of the wealthy to go forward and personally learn more of this outcast tramp who has been the saviour of them all.

In the baggage-car poor "Chirpy" is resting uneasily on a rough couch, formed among the baggage. He is conscious, but weak, almost to the point of wandering in his speech. The stranger strives to enter into conversation with him, and inquires if his wounded limb is very painful.

"No, not very," Fred says; he is tired though, so tired, but he is glad he saved the train. His comrades? No, he will say nothing about them. His name? What does that matter! They call him "Chirpy." It is not his real name? No, of course not; he will not tell his real name. Home? He has none, he is a tramp. It is many a year since he had a home. Mother? Ah, yes! he has a mother, and might he spend but an hour with her he would gladly die. He can see her now; she is praying for her boy; she was praying for him last night; when is she not praying for him! And to-morrow will be Christmas Day. Does the stranger know how they keep Christmas in England?

The kind-hearted man smiles, and replies that he knows England well, and has spent many Christmases there. He had hoped to spend this one there, too, but has been detained at the British Columbian gold-fields, in the interest of English capital, and it will be the New Year before he can reach home now. Will "Chirpy" not tell him in what part of old England is his native place;

Fred is weak and lonely-hearted; the stranger is kindly, and has won his confidence. Perhaps he knows the old

familiar scenes, and can tell him of the changes the years have made. Perhaps he has seen his mother, and can tell him of her. He will tell the stranger. What is the use of forever trying to hide himself! His native place is B—, in —shire. Does the stranger know it?

The traveller starts sharply, but controls himself, and scanning the features of the tramp with intense eagerness, says quietly :

"Then you are Fred M—?"

And Fred, too weak and too indifferent to deny, closes his eyes and simply answers "Yes."

Then the baggage-man and his mate marvel to see the elegant traveller bend over the uneven couch of this torn and tattered tramp, as, shifting the baggage, he gently raises Fred's tired and unkempt head and pillows it on his own well-clothed breast. In low tones which are full of joy, he gives Fred to know that he is safe in the arms of his elder brother. He tells him how bitterly he has repented the ill-timed dis-

cussion which caused their separation, and how he has sought for him far and wide until this hour. He tells him of their mother, and how she longs to see her boy again ; and he pictures a happy re-union in which they will all soon participate, please God, in their common home beyond the sea.

The extemporized couch is now one of joy rather than pain. Fred's heart is full of peace and rest. His weariness in body and mind enable him to say little, but he lies content, with eyes that glow and glisten through many a tear, as he listens to the tales of love and of the loved. Love has transformed that baggage car ; it is now the palace of the divine.

When the ambulance had removed the wounded man from the car at New York, the baggage-man, who is a bit of a philosopher, leans against the side of his car in deep reflection for a full minute and a half ; then calls to his mate :

"Say, Bill ! don't th' good Book say as how all men air brothers?"

J. W. Hannon.



LIFE'S NIAGARA.

(By the Author of "Away From Newspaperdom.")

CALM lies Lake Erie under sun and sky,
 Reflecting sail or rippled by the oar,
 No peace so great its waters knew before
 In higher reaches northerly that lie ;
 But mark the waves—insensibly they hie
 Through narrowing verges to Niagara's roar,
 Where, ages since, the rocks with birth-pangs tore
 The river, pre-ordained to live and die
 Within so short a range ; and still they rend
 And dash the waters to the world below,
 Where foaming, swirling, onward still they tend
 Through maddening eddies to Ontario.
 This is like Life's beginning and its end :
 From Calm to Calm through wild unrest we go.

Bernard McEvoy.

THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC.

*A Review of "Glimpses of the Monastery." **

"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon !"

THE sweet spirit of Christian charity which awoke in France, in response to the eloquence of a St. Vincent de Paul, or an Olier, gave to her in the new world two devoted women, whose names are cherished among her worthies. The rhetorical and political brilliance of the Church, so pre-eminent in the days of Louis XIV., causes us to overlook the achievements of the preceding reign, and may have given colour to the verdict, that the policy of aggrandizement pursued by Cardinal Richelieu made him indifferent to the true welfare of the Catholic Church. After all, a great characteristic of Richelieu was that he was more tolerant than his age, and in this solution we may find a reason for the rapid growth of religion, irrespective of creeds, and the development of those religious Orders which signalized the reign of Louis XIII. These Orders, founded under the direction, or at least with the sanction, of the man "of whom France had need," were destined to have a far-reaching and beneficent influence, and to exercise an important bearing on the progress of France in the new world.

In "Glimpses of the Monastery," the work before us, we trace the first fruits of this religious zeal in the life and labours of Madame de la Peltrie and Mère Marie de l'Incarnation. In the preface to the book, the author—a member of the Community—states that the matter to be placed before the reader,

"Was not to be a dry compendium of facts and dates. It should represent the character and spirit of the institution of which it treats,

by presenting before the reader the varying vicissitudes through which it has passed, from the first hazardous undertaking of its foundation to the present day. It should introduce us to those valiant women who shared the courage and long-suffering of the priests and missionaries of the heroic age of Canada, but it should acquaint us also with some of those facts and incidents which occur to vary the uniformity of convent life, presenting to us even the more intimate pictures of the lives of the nuns."

In the last words of this passage, "the uniformity of convent life" and the "lives of the nuns," the author has, perhaps unconsciously, suggested an interesting study on the comparison to be drawn between convent and ordinary life. The reader, however, must determine whether in its analogy, or in its diversity, it furnishes the most food for reflection.

To the student of Canadian history and of human affairs the work possesses a peculiar value, since it throws many side lights on the domestic life of familiar characters, and furnishes a key to passages in history. The volume is a substantial one of over 600 pages, illustrated by several engravings, and will be welcomed by those numerous visitors to the ancient city who desire to preserve a memento of an institution so intimately associated with the history of Canada.

A variety of subjects are brought into review, and the interest and sympathy of the reader are controlled in a masterly manner. The condition of the infant colony on the arrival of the Ursulines is, perhaps, the most successful portraiture. The hardships and privations of the early pioneers, the habits and customs of the aborigines;

* "Glimpses of the Monastery": Scenes from the History of the Ursulines of Quebec during Two Hundred Years, 1639-1839, by a Member of the Community. Second edition, Revised, augmented and completed by Reminiscences of the last fifty years, 1839-1889. Quebec: L. J. Demers & F^rre.

scenes of battle with the Indians, glimpses of the vice-regal court, are vividly portrayed; while we obtain a view of the reign of terror—the days of the siege—in the following words:

"On the 12th of July, at nine in the evening, from the batteries erected at Point Lévis, the enemy began a heavy cannonade on the city. The Lower Town, at only a mile distant from the opposite shore, had been deserted by its inhabitants, who foresaw its impending fate. The red-hot balls and bomb shells did their work of destruction, shattering many houses and setting them on fire. The Upper Town, which had not been so completely evacuated, proved to be within the range of the enemy's guns, and the greatest panic prevailed. . . . With the return of daylight it was resolved to remove the community to a place of greater safety. It would have been temerity to remain longer within reach of the murderous projectiles which had wrought such havoc in a single night."

From the midst of these scenes the heroic women pass to sights still more sad—to minister to the wants of the sick and dying in the General Hospital.

Thus, amid their own dire distress, they were ever ready to efface self, seeking only to console and strengthen others. Their faith sustained them in their darkest hours, enabling them to cheerfully perform what to them, in the meantime, was their mission on earth.

"La foi qui n'agit point, est-ce une foi sincère?"

The days following the siege were days of anxiety and doubt, which found expression in the following words, written by one of the community to the sisters in Paris:

"I know how sincerely you have shared the afflictions which have weighed upon us for several years past. A treaty of peace, so long desired, but concluded on terms so contrary to our hopes, has filled up the measure of our sorrows. We felt the disappointment the more acutely, from having flattered ourselves so long that the final arrangements would be very different; for we could not persuade ourselves that Canada would be given up so easily. Nothing is left but to adore with submission the impenetrable decrees of the Almighty."

The lilies of the Bourbons had given place to the "banner of England;" but British rule seems to have brought consolation to the good nuns, for on several occasions they gave expression

to the kindness they had received at the hands of the new rulers. Thus, in 1767, a letter addressed to the Ursulines of Paris reads as follows:

"The news we had from France this year, as far as regards religion, grieves us profoundly. Although expatriated by the fate of war, our hearts are as French as ever, and this makes us doubly sensible of the decline of that dear country. I cannot help saying that it is well to be in Canada, where we enjoy the greatest tranquility. We are not in the least molested on the score of religion. We have a Governor who, by his moderation and benignity, is the delight of everyone."

At a later date, Mother St. Louis de Gonzague writes:

"Religion is perfectly free at present; if any depart from their duty it is their own fault. People say that it is not the same in France, where religious communities suffer persecution. We have not the same difficulty under the Government of England."

Many more interesting passages, relating to the lives of the nuns, interwoven with romance and tragedy, scenes in the history of the convent, echoes of the Revolution, might be cited as an evidence of the scope of the work, but with one quotation, referring to a name familiar in our history—Le Gardeur de Repentigny—we must bring this notice to a close.

Those who have visited the "Chapel of the Saints" in the Ursuline Convent will have noticed "La lampe qui ne s'éteint pas," which for 170 years has cast its tender light amid all the changing scenes which have marked the history of this institution.

"O twinkling lamp! thy feeble ray
Sheds no refulgent glare;
And yet thou knowest no decay
Since once thrice fifty years away
Thou first wast trimmed with care."

Who then had lit this tiny lamp before the shrine of "Our Lady of Great Power?" The maiden's name was Marie Madeleine de Repentigny.

"On leaving the convent, she, like many others, had not formed to herself any fixed plan of life. The prestige of rank, wit and beauty on the one side, and that of merit, politeness and noble demeanour on the other, soon resulted in an alliance with an officer, which appeared advantageous in the eyes of the world. . . . Suddenly the young officer is called away on duty. . . . the first report brings tidings of his death! To the violent grief of

the first months succeeds an attempt to dissipate the irksome gloom of mind by plunging anew into the whirl of worldly pleasures. At one of the churches of the city, an eloquent Jesuit was giving the exercises of a retreat for young ladies. Marie Madeleine went with the rest, but soon found that the sacred orator was preaching—so it seemed to her—for her alone.

"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world, and yet to lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

Her choice is made, she seeks again the refuge of the convent.

"Confirmed, henceforth in her vocation; grateful for the protection of heaven, she begs permission to found a perpetual memento of the grace, the invisible *light* she has received. Her own life, cheerful, courageous, mortified, during the twenty years she had yet to spend within the monastery, was another light, re-

joicing her companions more than the *Votive Lamp*, which she daily trimmed with sentiments ever fresh of piety and gratitude."

The lives of the truly noble compel our admiration, whatever our creed or faith, and thus it is, in pursuing these pages, the coldest heart will be touched by the heroic courage of these women, while to their adherents there gathers around their memory the aureole of the saint.

The work, however, appeals to all, as a record of noble women, toiling in a noble manner for a noble cause.

The shadows of the convent towers,
Slant down the snowy sward;
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord.

Arthur G. Doughty.

BUBBLES.

(By the Author of "*Away from Newspaperdom.*")

ARE we but bubbles on the stream,
Whose little spheres reflect the sun,
And mate and join in love's fine dream
So that where two were there's but one?

That floats along the river's wave,
Now through the shade, now in the glow,
And sees the pine and poplar wave,
And wild flowers sweet that bloom below.

Then vanishes to mist, and ends,
Leaving no trace; the landscape still
Is beauteous; still the sunset lends
Its grace, and dawn makes great the hill.

And all is as it was before,
And we are merged in some sweet cloud
That floats away by sea or shore
Until it meets the tempest loud.

Then far inland is wildly driven,
While lightnings tear the earth and sky,
And then, its pregnant bosom riven,
Breaks into drops that downward hie:

And lo! upon a pansy's face
There are two tears that joy to meet,
And find in a divine embrace
That love endures and still is sweet.

Bernard McEvoy.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WHEN the instructor of youth wants to be particularly edifying he points to the Partition of Poland as one of those indefensible acts of greed and tyranny which a newer and more enlightened age would not tolerate. The final dismemberment of Poland took place in 1795. A hundred years pass away, and the chorus of praise of our advancing civilization is interrupted by a perfectly cold-blooded discussion upon the proposed and expected dismemberment of China. It is not the feelings or rights of the Chinese that are causing any outcry against complete spoliation, but the fear that in the scramble the peace of the world may be endangered; a species of morality as intelligible as the objection of the Puritans to bear-baiting: not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Four European Powers are stretching out hands for a share of the spoil, Russia doing the work for her ally, France, while Great Britain and Germany are, apparently, in a jealous and suspicious concert. The force which sustains British demands is that she opens and expands new territories and areas for the trade of the whole world equally, asks no special favours for herself, and makes free to all nations the concessions obtained for her own subjects. Yet this does not modify materially the morality of the transaction that divides among the powerful the possessions of dwindling states. It is precisely the policy of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries dressed up in the phrases of the nineteenth.

What chiefly excites hostility among foreign nations to the growth of the British Empire is that some of its defenders cherish a conviction that we are the trustees of Providence, and destined to rule the world for the benefit of all races. If you put forward plans

for Imperial aggrandizement, commercial or political, on any other ground, you are a Jingo. The foreigner bluntly calls this hypocrisy, because he feels sure that the stimulus of British advancement is essentially the same as that of other nations, pride of race, a vigorous population, rich commerce, and the ability to maintain armies and navies. That British rule, by its curious and admirable intermixture of the monarchical and aristocratical with the democratical, is stable and beneficent, does not mend matters in the least to the foreign observer. He believes, reasonably enough, that the aggression which affixes a superior label to itself is none the less dangerous and far more irritating. Therefore, the question of the Far East is as likely as not to precipitate a war some day, since the commercial interests of India, equally with those of England, demand that in the break-down of the Chinese wall of exclusiveness British trade shall have an equal chance with others. Being possessed of the financial and shipping facilities and profits as well, England secures, in any nominally equal chance anywhere, a better opportunity than her neighbour.

If one is to judge by appearances, little is really known of the true aims and operations that are now working their way in China. What are the sources of knowledge? Statements in the press, the movements of troops or fleets, and the ingenious theories that critics love to spin. The Foreign Secretaries of all civilized governments but one keep their proceedings as secret as possible, and until a decisive move is made the public at large are not taken into their confidence. It is understood to be the correct thing to believe that in the long run Great Britain comes out ahead, a pious faith about which a Canadian, who knows how often during a century she has

been over-reached and outwitted in North America, has his doubts. Using all the language of jingoism, while professing to despise it, the advocates of British luck declare her navy invincible, her food supplies adequate, her future assured against any combination. To this school Lord Rosebery addressed himself last year in his warning that by Imperial expansion England had given hostages to fortune, and could not risk a war in Europe upon the Cretan question. The warning is also timely to-day.

Mr. Gladstone seems already, during his lifetime, to have passed into history, and his 88th birthday called forth expressions of esteem undisturbed by the note of partyism. His latest counsel, given privately, it is said, to the Liberals is to push on an agitation against the House of Lords. But a fight of this kind needs a strong man, and the removal of Mr. Gladstone from the scene left a gaping chasm which cannot soon be filled. The party, by the gradual trend of events, will win back seats, and ultimately a majority; but what can they do with it? One of their influential journals advises patience and very little else: "So long as Liberals cling to their principles," says *The Speaker*, "and are loyal to the duty of enforcing those principles whenever the opportunity of doing so occurs, they need no programme, and they may even, for the moment, do without anything in the shape of authoritative leadership." This is a course which Mrs. Micawber appreciated, but it points to utter disintegration. The House of Lords is part of the constitution, and as long as it registers without undue restiveness the partly socialistic measures of a Conservative Government, not much can be done with it by arousing the democracy. The Liberals, in losing seats like that at York, may point to the fact that double constituencies are proverbially uncertain where a single vacancy occurs unexpectedly, and, in the main, the tide moves slowly but surely in their direction.

In India, up the Nile, in the Niger country, in the Greek question, in South Africa, and now in China, there lurk many dangers to peace. That is, international peace, because already in several of these quarters British troops are actually in the tented field. The navy has not been in serious action since the taking of Alexandria in July, 1882, and it remains to be seen whether the naval resources and administration are above the criticism that is now being bestowed upon the army. The understanding that exists between France and Russia may afford some obstacles to a settlement of the Anglo-French disagreements in the Nile and Niger region, where the French seem to be mischievously active in spheres of commerce or control generally acknowledged to be British. The Meline Ministry at Paris has had the unusually long life, for French Ministries, of nearly two years, and there are signs that the friendly relations it has established with the clerical and monarchist parties point to greater stability of policy and consequently, perhaps, to a more pronounced chauvinism than Britain has had to reckon with hitherto. Russian influence in European policy was never stronger, and it is impossible to feel that the designs of the Czar's advisers coincide with the desire for peace which certainly animates Lord Salisbury's policy. In short, it is contended by those who are accustomed to watch European events very closely that the year closed with a greater array of international issues unsettled than usual.

Persons who think perfection can be attained in public affairs by hasty legislation should make a note of the fact that Civil Service reform is once more under inspection in the United States. The wholesale extensions of the list of officials coming under the law which were made in recent years have been a subject of inquiry. No real objection can be raised against the doing away with the spoils system. But in attempting to remedy an evil by a stroke of the pen you may fall into another difficulty. A Government should have some ap-

pointing power, since if all its most important clerkships are to be filled by an arbitrary rule, working through written tests, the result may at times be inconvenient if not injurious. For the great bulk of civil servants a law abolishing patronage we may safely presume to be beneficial. But for numerous and important exceptions allowance must be made. This is illustrated forcibly by Mr. Gage, the member of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet who above all others was chosen for his fitness and business experience, and who testifies that certain classes of employees should be appointed without "academic test." Other evidence, not of a purely partizan nature, confirms this view. You may ride civil service reform to death, just as other needed reforms in the state may be botched by well-meaning precipitancy.

Cabinet Ministers, of course, in making high appointments, may choose unwisely. Indeed they may lack wisdom themselves, though they are the choice, directly or indirectly, of the Sovereign People. The name of Mr. McKenna, for instance, when submitted by the President for appointment to the Supreme Court, has been criticised on the ground that he was not a sufficiently able man for so great a position. Incidentally, Mr. McKenna is a Catholic, and the comedy enacted every time some zealous bigot sees "the hand of Rome" in public affairs has been on exhibition in this case. Then, Mr. McKenna, as Attorney-General, construed out of existence the famous section 22 of the new tariff law intended to strike at Canadian railways. Even his ingenuity here is quoted against him. If his choice by the Executive indicates unfitness on their part to select, why not a civil service law for creating judges automatically?

It is hoped that when trade revives, and the excess of imports brought in before the Dingley Tariff was applied are worked off, the revenues will meet the expenditure. But this hope is really baseless, since the Treasury itself figures upon a deficit of \$28,000,000 during the fiscal year ending next June, and one nearly as large for the following year. Even these allowances are believed to be inadequate. Talk of curtailing expenditure there is none, and the steady increase of national expenditure is regarded as a settled thing. The prospect of a low tariff in the United States is, therefore, exceedingly remote.

No person in Canada supposes that the "sealskin sacque" legislation of Congress, and its more or less vexatious enforcement by the Custom officials, emanates from the reasonable people of the United States. But such a law is valuable as one among many proofs that reasonable opinion in the republic seldom passes the laws.

What the United States can do to protect its commercial interests in China, if the markets of that empire are to be seized by European nations, is much discussed. It is pointed out by commercial authorities that the question has a deep interest in view of the rapidly developing manufactures of the States. One thing is certain, that with her free trade policy England will not close Chinese ports controlled by her to American goods. This would indicate the direction Washington diplomacy ought to take, but there are few signs that the rulers of the republic want any concerted arrangement with Great Britain, commercial or political. All the wooing comes from the other side.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.





THE HISTORY OF THE YUKON.

IN his work on the Yukon District, about to be published,* Mr. W. Ogilvie the well-known explorer and surveyor, gives some interesting historical data. He says :

"The first people from civilization to enter the country were the traders for the Hudson's Bay Company. In the year 1840 Mr. Campbell was commissioned by Sir George Simpson to explore the Upper Liard and to cross the height-of-land in search of any river flowing to the westward. After ascending the river to its head waters he struck across to the head of the Pelly River, thence down the Pelly to the confluence of the Lewes, at which point he turned back, his men having become discouraged by the stories of the Wood Indians encamped there, who represented that the lower portion of the river was inhabited by a large tribe of cannibals. In 1847 Fort Yukon was established at the mouth of the Porcupine by Mr. A. H. Murray, another member of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"In 1848 Campbell established Fort Selkirk at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes Rivers; it was plundered and destroyed in 1852 by the Coast Indians, and only the ruins now exist of what was at one time the most important post of the Hudson's Bay Company to the west of the Rocky Mountains in the far north. In 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company's officer was expelled from Fort Yukon by the United States Government, they having ascertained by astronomical observations that the post was not located in British territory. The officer thereupon ascended the Porcupine to a point which was supposed to be within British jurisdiction, where he established Rampart House; but in 1890 Mr. J. H. Turner of the United States Coast Survey found it to be 20 miles within the lines of the United States. Consequently in 1891 the post was moved 20 miles farther up the river to be within British territory.

"The next people to enter the country for trading purposes were Messrs. Harper and

McQuesten. They have been trading in the country since 1873 and have occupied numerous posts all along the river, the greater number of which have been abandoned. Mr. Harper is now located as a trader at Fort Selkirk, and Mr. McQuesten is in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company at Circle City, which is the distributing point for the vast regions surrounding Birch Creek, Alaska. In 1882 a number of miners entered the Yukon country by the Dyea Pass; it is still the only route used to any extent by the miners, and is shorter than the other passes though not the lowest. In 1883 Lieutenant Schwatka crossed this same pass and descended the Lewes and Yukon Rivers to the ocean."

As to the gold found there, it is pointed out that Inspector Charles Constantine, of the North-West Mounted Police Force, who went there in 1894, estimated the output of that season at \$300,000. But the existence of coarse gold was known in the district as early as 1864, for in that year a clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company wrote to his father in Ontario as follows :

"I had some thoughts of digging the gold here, but am not sure about it. I do not think it is in paying quantities at the Fort (Yukon), but if I could only get time to make an expedition up the Yukon I expect we should find it in abundance, but I am always on the voyage or busy at the fort during the summer, and in winter nothing can be done in the way of gold hunting. I think that next fall, after arriving from my trips down the Yukon, I shall be able to go up the river. There is a small river not far from here that the minister, the Rev. McDonald, saw so much gold on a year or two ago that he could have gathered it with a spoon. I have often wished to go but can never find the time. Should I find gold in paying quantities I may turn gold-digger, but this is merely a last resort when I can do no better."

* Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co. Paper, 50 cents.

There are many other valuable paragraphs in this most interesting volume. The following may be taken as examples :

"Attention may be directed to the fact that the whole of that vast region owes its now world-wide reputation to the richness of 140 claims in the Klondike District ; 100 of these are on Bonanza Creek, and about 40 on Eldorado. To use a mining term, many of those claims are 'world beaters,' and if the indications now known are worth anything at all they are worth from sixty to seventy millions of dollars in that extent of these two creeks.

"Taking this division as a whole, including the three creeks named, affluent to Indian Creek, a district some 35 miles in length and 25 or more miles in width, if the indications can be relied on, there are one hundred million dollars in sight in that area. No one can guarantee this amount, but the prospects so far developed point to that sum pretty conclusively. This district is exceptionally rich. Nothing has ever been found like it heretofore in that country,—in fact, in very few countries has anything been found like it, and while we cannot confidently assert that other finds as valuable as it will be made, it is altogether improbable that gold is scattered over such a vast extent and only rich at a point which is less than the 140th part of the total area. If we add to this, part of the northern area of British Columbia, we increase it nearly twofold, and the comparative area of the Klondike District is much lessened."

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The *National Review*, in its January issue, thus summarizes the position of the Federal movement in Australia :

"It would be idle even for the keenest politician to pretend that the politics of Australia have during the past month held public attention to the exclusion of other topics. At this time of year one instinctively associates Australia with cricket and with homeric cricket. The brilliant play of Mr. Stoddart's team and the opposing teams has been followed in the Mother Country with breathless interest. Indeed, at a time of considerable international anxiety it has been almost ludicrous to mark how generally conversation in London has turned towards cricket—'Ranji's throat,' Maclaren's centuries, or Australia's brilliant

second innings. This mid-winter cricket has a singularly cheering effect at a peculiarly dismal period of the year, and those who provide it are benefactors to their distant fellow-countrymen. England has won the first of the test matches, but the Australian team is evidently capable of knocking up a great score, and ultimate victory appears to be quite an open question. The matches have been so fully chronicled and commented upon in the newspapers that we need not further deal with them here ; so recur to our proper Province, which concerns the duller sides of existence. The main thread of Australian public affairs is unquestionably the movement towards Federation which we have viewed since its inception with the maximum of interest that is compatible with a minimum of expectation. Recently the cause has sustained two severe blows, for Queensland, after shilly-shallying for several months in a most exasperating manner, has finally decided not to participate in the final Convention which assembles in the new year, though her premier, Sir Hugh Nelson, had pledged her co-operation. However, he has been overruled by Parliament, and that colony stands aside.

"New South Wales, many of whose politicians regard the Federal movement with scornful and jealous eyes, has also taken unfriendly action against the advice of her able premier, Mr. Reid, who is an enthusiastic Federationist. The anti-Federationists of that community have succeeded in inserting an amendment in the Federal Enabling Act which is considered to damage the prospects of the Federation Bill. The latest cablegram states : 'There has been a severe struggle in the New South Wales Legislative Council over the Federal Enabling Act Amendment Bill, which enacts that 80,000 electors must vote in favour of the Federation Bill, otherwise it will be lost. The Federalists, led by Mr. Barton, endeavoured to block or amend the Bill. The anti-Federalists, led by Mr. Want, the Attorney-General, carried the measure unamended with the help of the closure. The large number of affirmative votes required imperils federation.' The position of Australasian Federation at the opening of the fateful year 1898 may thus be summarized. New Zealand has consistently stood aloof on account of her distance from the other colonies. Queensland also remains an outsider, owing to an irreconcilable conflict as to electoral areas. New South Wales is a doubtful quantity, and West Australia is somewhat lukewarm. There remain Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania—a well compacted group of colonies, in whose hands the fortunes of the Federation rest."



EDITORIAL COMMENT

ONE of the most notable features of our present national life is the growing interest in everything that pertains to Canadian history. Articles and books dealing with various phases and periods are in great demand. Old books, pamphlets and newspapers possessing historic importance are greedily picked up by libraries and private collectors, and the prices of these works are advancing very rapidly.

Some years ago, the Dominion Government, in order to preserve material relating to early Canadian history and to reprint much that was not accessible to the ordinary student, established an archive department. This has been moderately successful. Now a commission is looking into the preservation of governmental documents and state papers and is said to have discovered a very loose state of affairs in this regard. Jealousy among the departments, added to reckless indifference, has caused the destruction of many valuable blue books and other documents. It is probable that a new building will be erected at Ottawa so that everything of importance may be collected, filed, catalogued and preserved.

Another proposed reform is agitating Ontario. In the city of Toronto there are three large reference libraries, the University of Toronto Library, the Legislative Assembly Library and the Public Library. It is proposed to amalgamate these three into one great Provincial Reference Library, which will contain everything procurable relating to the history of the Province and of the Dominion. The idea is a grand one, and should it meet with general acceptance and be successfully worked out, it will be an example to the other provinces.

Another or the notable features of recent national development is the growth of a kindlier feeling between the two races which fate has brought together to work out a common destiny on the northern half of this continent. The French-Canadians of Quebec voted against the coercion of the English-Canadians of the Prairie Province, and as a result the English-Canadians of all the provinces have come to feel more kindly towards those who trace their lineage back to the chivalry of France. The kindlier feeling is reciprocated if one can judge from the conduct of our French-Canadian Premier and those of his colleagues who are of the same race as himself. Even in the parts of Ontario where narrow bigotry has been known to reign in years that have passed, the national feeling is rising above race and religious differences, and is creating a more liberal basis for a common citizenship.

The growth of a united Canada has been slow. The Imperial Act of 1867 which laid the foundations of a new nation seemed, during the first years of its sway, to have little influence; the people of each province were still provincial. Its effect is now being felt, and common elements in national life are becoming more accentuated. Inter-provincial communication and trade have developed steadily, bearing in their train an inter-provincial sympathy which will ultimately create unity. Charles Campbell, one of our younger poets, seems to have felt and embodied this in his recently published poem, entitled "Canada,"* which he has dedicated to a strange combination: Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the mem-

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

ory of the Loyalists. His closing lines are as follows :

The lilies of old France are just as fair ;
Though lost to sight, their fragrance still is
there—
The Red Cross beckons ever in the van,
The hope of earth, the steadfast friend of
man—
Beneath its folds a serried people stand
In true and pure allegiance, heart and hand ;
One, from stern Fundy's deep arterial tide
To where the Great Lakes spread their wat-
ers wide ;
One where the Rocky Mountains proudly
soar ;
One still upon the far Pacific shore ;
One people,—to be sundered nevermore !

A few lines which appear in an earlier portion of the poem are also worth quoting :

Well for the loyal faith and knightly grace
That tried time-honoured foes in close em-
brace !
Oh ! well that noble hearts can soar above
All hates o'erpast, to brotherhood of love !
The Lilies and the Cross, by God entwined,
Stand fast mid chaos—marvel to mankind !

Let us hope that the age of bigotry has passed, and that no more race and religious questions may arise to undo what has been accomplished. Canada has more to fear from internal bickerings and dissensions than from armed invasions.

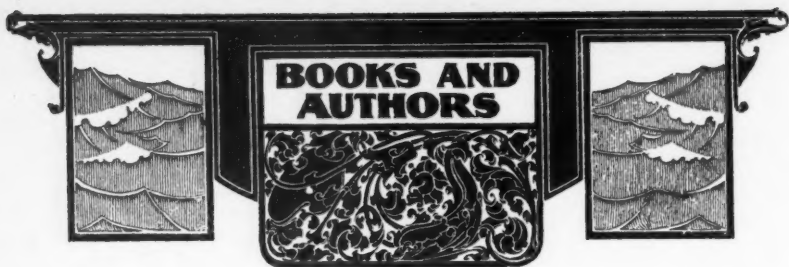
Canada has not among her population a very large percentage of deserving poor. Yet this class exists, and is deserving of more attention than it has yet received from the men who are yearly making thousands of dollars out of Canadian progress. Sir J. A. Chap-leau, the retiring lieutenant-governor of the Province of Quebec, set a splendid example when, a few days ago, he sent \$1,200 to the mayor of Quebec to be distributed among the poor. This money was the amount usually spent on the annual reception. All honour to such a generous and noble-minded gift ! It is such action which reveals the finer feelings of a healthy democracy, and which strikes hard blows at socialism, confiscation and anarchy. Such a gift, small as it is, will do more real good than a gift of fifty times that

amount for a building of stone, which is an increasing burden to those who are the unfortunate recipients—such buildings being the common form of the gifts which our rich citizens are in the habit of making to the community.

A Canadian novel of more than ordinary importance will soon be issued in this country. It will describe Canadian rural and village life with a delicacy and charm never before accomplished by any novelist. The author is Joanna E. Woods, whose book, "The Untempered Wind," published in 1894 in New York, ran through several editions. This talented lady has also had other books published, and has acquired considerable reputation as a short story writer, her work appearing in leading United States periodicals. The new book will be a love-story of absorbing interest.

Speaking of books, the first volume of J. Castell Hopkins' *Encyclopædia* has appeared. It is a valuable volume and reflects credit on all concerned. A rather over-critical review of it appears elsewhere in this issue.

This is the season of the year when municipal election problems are prominent. There seems to be a tendency among Canadians to regard municipal elections as a joke rather than as an important part of our administrative system. The candidates who secure the preference in the large cities are not men of acknowledged probity or of prominent standing. They are usually men of small mental calibre, and of broad views as to political morality. What they must possess is an inexhaustible amount of bluff, a decided and energetic manner, and the unique power of pleasing one-half of the electors. The consequence of all this is that the cost of governing our towns and cities is very high, and the borrowing power of each municipality is used too freely. But, perhaps, this is part of the price we must pay for the benefits of democracy.



A CANADIAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THE most pretentious publication ever undertaken in Canada since the establishment of the printing press is "Canada: an Encyclopædia of the Country," to be written by a corps of eminent writers and specialists; to be edited by J. Castell Hopkins, author of "Life and Work of Sir John Thompson," "Life and Reign of Queen Victoria," etc., and to be published in five royal quarto volumes, by subscription, by the Linscott Publishing Company, of Toronto. The idea of such a work is magnificent and daring, and Mr. Hopkins deserves the highest praise for his originality in its conception, and his energy and resource in its execution.

The first volume is to hand. It is dedicated by express permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and is prefaced by a few lines from the pen of his Excellency the Governor-General. It is divided into seven sections, the plan of each being the same. First there is an article by some special contributor, and then come a series of editorial notes quoting documents, letters, speeches or other works bearing on the subject of the general article. These notes are designed to still further explain and illustrate the particular subject with which they deal, and to connect the articles in the same section.

The first section is entitled "Discoveries and Explorations," and contains two contributed articles, "Voyages and Discoveries of the Cabots," by Dr. Harvey, and "Early Explorations and Discoveries," by Sir Sanford Fleming. The second section, "The French and the English," contains "Origin of the French-Canadians," by Benjamin Sulte, "Exploits of the French-Canadians," by R. W. Shannon, "The Struggle between France and England," by the editor, "Acadia and the Acadian People," by James Hannay, "The Constitutional Act of 1791," by P. F. Cronin, and "Canada under Early British Rule," by John Reade. The third section is entitled "Wars between Great Britain and the United States," and to it Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison and Agnes Maule Machar contribute; in this section the editor's appended notes are very extensive and of great value. Section four is styled "Early Constitutional Progress"; section five, "the Indians"; section six, "Trade and Tariffs," in which is a valuable article on Inter-provincial Trade by A. H. U. Colquhoun; and section seven, "Banks and Banking."

These details will give an idea of what is contained in this volume of over five hundred large pages, and will also indicate the style of treatment. If the other volumes equal this in the range of subjects treated, the encyclopædia will indeed be a monumental work, and Mr. Hopkins will have gained a reputation which one might be excused for envying.

There is, however, much room for criticism, for the work has apparently been rather hastily done. This is especially true of the editor's longer articles, some of which he should never have attempted. Had he delegated these subjects to other writers, he would have been enabled to give more attention to his editorial notes and to a general supervision of the contributed articles. He has set out to give us "authoritative information," as he says in his introduction, and he

has not been wholly successful. I have not had time to read all his articles, but have glanced over that entitled "The Struggle Between France and England." I cannot approve of "Ticonderogo" instead of "Ticonderoga;" "Londoun" (in three places) instead of "Loudoun," "harrass" instead of "harass," "*re-gime*" instead of "*régime*," "Marquess" or "Marques," instead of "Marquis," "*coureur-du-bois*" for "*coureur de bois*."

Then here is a sentence which indicates the haste previously mentioned :

"Meantime, however, the summer was passing, and Wolfe knew something of the winter experiences of Montgomery and Phipps, and others who had previously besieged the great fortress." (p. 68).

I cannot think that Wolfe, in 1759, knew much of Montgomery's experiences in 1775. Again, he speaks of Abercrombie "leaving two thousand dead in the trenches" at Ticonderoga, and yet in all the well-known descriptions of the fortifications and defences of that point, there is no mention of "trenches." It may be picturesque to say "the soil ran red," but running is not a striking characteristic of the Canadian soil. "Through their ships" (p. 68) is a poor substitute for "by means of their ships," and is a characteristic example of the peculiar and, in many cases, indefensible uses to which Mr. Hopkins puts the common prepositions. Such words as "elsewhere," "meanwhile," "meantime," are also carelessly placed, and sometimes so as to convey a wrong impression. In fact, in Mr. Hopkins' writings the diction is often faulty. For example, "The Treaty of Ryswick *only* lasted five years" (p. 64), and the use of "might" without a subject in the sentence commencing "De Levis made," on p. 69.

The mistakes are not confined to this one article, for on p. 179 we find "Clegg" instead of "Glegg," and "General Winchester" instead of "General Wilkinson." In Miss Machar's article General Winder is called "Winter," and Perry's flagship is named "St. Lawrence" instead of "Lawrence." Other equally simple errors are apparent.

I point out these mistakes not from any desire to prove superiority of knowledge, nor from any wish to belittle the magnitude of the work, but simply to show that if Canadian books are to be above criticism more care must be taken in their production. This volume was a great and pretentious undertaking, and hence the work in it should be equally accurate.

The article on "The Constitutional Act of 1791," by Mr. P. F. Cronin, is open to criticism of another kind. It is somewhat obscure and complicated, and rather lacking in the simplicity which marks the work of an able writer. The reader finds difficulty in distinguishing the quotations from the opinions of the writer himself, and can scarcely at times divine the purpose of either the quotations or the general remarks. The style is in marked contrast with that of the following article by Mr. John Reade, who treats his subject, "Canada Under Early British Rule," with a charming simplicity and straightforwardness. Mr. Reade seems to have the rare power of arranging and classifying facts in logical order, and at the same time presenting them in a picturesque dress. The contribution entitled "The Place-names of Canada," by George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, is unique and interesting, and helps to relieve the heaviness of the volume. The subject is treated so as to show the scientific relation existing between our history and our place nomenclature.

One suggestion may be made. At the head of each page is the title of the book, and it would be better to have some words indicating the subject under discussion. This would much facilitate the work of the reader.

HENRY GEORGE'S LAST WORK.

I have been permitted to look over the table of contents and the first chapters of the work, almost completed, by Henry George, previous to his untimely



HENRY GEORGE.

death last October. "Progress and Poverty" was a piece of special pleading, but this new work, "The Science of Political Economy," is general and scientific in character. The arrangement followed is very similar to that in General Walker's well-known work, and is in striking contrast to that adopted by the political economists who despise the historical and other schools, and cling to the field of pure speculation and theory. Henry George, being a practical man of affairs, would not be expected to remain purely theoretical in his writings. Because he has become practical, his new book will be more valuable and more acceptable to the great mass of the people who are neither theorists, one-ideaists, nor cranks. The work will be a large octavo volume, containing about as much matter as "Progress and Poverty,"

and will be published this month by George N. Morang, Toronto.

"HUMORS OF '37."

Apparently the critics are not all as severe on the "Humors of '37," by the Misses Lizars, as was "The Canadian Magazine." The Buffalo *Express* has this to say about the volume:

"In some of its chapters the latest work of Robina and Katherine Macfarlane Lizars, entitled, "Humours of '37," comes pretty near being local literature. These accomplished Canadian women, whose former volume, "In the Days of the Canada Company," we had pleasure of receiving some months since, have gathered for their present book an ample store of material, old and new, bearing on the "Patriot War," or "Mackenzie's Rebellion," as it is variously called. The authors know their subject; their style of narration is conspicuously sprightly, full of wit which is at times truly caustic. It is not quite the book for one to read who seeks his first information on the subject; it is neither a comprehensive nor a continuous history of the times; but it is an admirable supplement to existing histories and journals and memoirs on the subject, and it has a *better literary quality than any other work* we know of, touching this famous ruination of '37-9."



Joaquin Miller has issued* a complete and revised edition of his poems. The illustrations, the preface, the poems and the notes pleased me, but I didn't like to see a volume of poems dedicated to a man like Collis P. Huntington, the manipulator of railways. Still, as it is said that no person can succeed in the South-Western States without paying tribute to this multi-millionaire, the poor poet must be forgiven.

Miller's characteristics are his love of nature and his simplicity. He never sacrifices sense to sound, nor thought to words. He presents in such poems as "Kit Carson's Ride" the early life of the Western States and the characteristics of the Sierras, and it is these poems by which he is best known. But in all his poems, local and general, there is the touch of humanity—broad, rugged, sweet—which has enabled him to reach the ear of the people. Take, for example, the first three stanzas of "A Song for Peace," or two stanzas of "Battles":

* San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. Cloth, illustrated, 330 pp., \$2.50.

A SONG OF PEACE.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
 Forgive and forget ; for I say
 That the true shall endure the derision
 Of the false till the full of the day ;

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven ;
 Ay, forget, lest the ill you have done
 Be remember'd against you in heaven
 And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labour ?
 And who shall have rest without price ?
 And who shall hold war with his neighbour
 With promise of peace with the Christ ?

BATTLES.

Nay, not for fame, but for the right ;
 To make this fair world fairer still—
 Or lordly lily of the night,
 Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
 Or high or low, or near or far,
 Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
 Or blade of grass, or brightest star,
 All, all are but the same to Him.

When I am dead say this, but this,
 He grasped at no man's blade or shield
 Or banner bore, but helmetless,
 Alone, unknown, he held the field ;
 He held the field with sabre drawn,
 Where God had set him in the fight ;
 He held the field, fought on and on,
 And so fell fighting for the Right.

His more lengthy compositions are just as charming as his more simple poems, and a close study of them reveals the nobility and the artistic qualities of this "Poet of the West."



The first Canadian novelist to have his works republished in a uniform edition in this country is to be Gilbert Parker. The Copp, Clark Co. have commenced an edition of this kind with "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." This will be followed by "Pierre and His People," and by the others at regular intervals. The set is placed at the low price of \$1.25 a volume ; but it would seem that this price is secured only by producing an inferior book. The cover of the sample before us is very pretty and perfectly suitable, but the binding and the press work are of an inferior grade. Of course, the publishers are working in a small market and among a people who are not always careful to give home productions a preference, nor to encourage Canadian literature. Still, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and the above excuse is not wholly satisfactory, even from the standpoint of a writer who sympathizes with the difficulties of Canadian publishers.



On the 17th of December, 1796, there was born at Windsor, N.S., a man destined to make his mark in public life and also in the world of literature, and Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," is perhaps the best known of dead or living Nova Scotians. To celebrate the centenary of this great man's birth, the Haliburton Club have issued a volume* containing: I. A sketch of the Life and Times of Judge Haliburton ; II. Haliburton as a Humorist and Descriptive Writer, by H. P. Scott ; III. Haliburton : The Man and Writer, by F. Blake Crofton ; III. Bibliography, by John Parker Anderson.

After being called to the bar, Haliburton practised at Annapolis Royal, the former capital of Nova Scotia. In 1828, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1841 transferred to the Supreme Court. In 1856 he resigned, and went to reside in England. As an author, he first came before the public in 1829, as the historian of his native province. In 1835 he began to contribute the adventures and sayings of Sam Slick to the *Nova Scotian*, then edited by that other famous Bluenose, Joseph Howe. These letters brought him permanent fame, and caused Artemus Ward to pronounce him "the father of the American school of humour."

*Haliburton: A Centenary Chaplet. Toronto: William Briggs.

The particulars of Judge Haliburton's life, the character of his literary work, and a full account of all his various publications will be found in this charming volume of one hundred and sixteen pages.

“Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada,”* by J. W. Tyrrell, is already in its second edition—an unusual feature in Canadian book publishing. Most of the information in the book was given in a series of articles in “The Canadian Magazine” some time ago, but much has been added, especially in the way of illustrations. A list of plants and a vocabulary of Eskimo words are found in two useful appendices.

Mr. Tyrrell, in the summer of 1893, with several companions, made a trip from Edmonton to Fort Chipewyan, eastward along Lake Athabasca, and then north-easterly along previously unknown lakes and rivers to Chesterfield Inlet. It was this stretch of land from the Lake to the Inlet that the Tyrrells set out to explore, and about it they have a great deal to tell that is interesting. The volume is primarily intended to give information concerning a portion of Canada's barren lands, but the numerous adventures and the peculiar experiences and hardships of the party make it read like a piece of fiction. The trip down the Georgian Bay from Chesterfield Inlet to York Factory was an exceedingly trying one, and to those who think that the explorers sent out by the Canadian Government have a pleasant time, this may be somewhat of a revelation.

The “Canadian Bookseller” in a recent issue says:

“William Briggs, Toronto, has published ‘Books: A Guide to Good Reading,’ by John Miller, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario. This book about books will serve a useful purpose. It is very certain that many readers are too desultory in their course of reading; such people will find this book of decided assistance. The author submits lists of books recommended for pupils of various ages. These lists generally have been prepared with admirable judgment. On one point, however, we disagree entirely with the author. In two places the author recommends Stead's five cent edition of Shakespeare's plays and standard poems. There is such a thing as sacrificing everything to cheapness. That is done in these penny editions of Mr. Stead's. The paper is wretched, and the effect of putting such trashily gotten-up books into the hands of school children will be to deaden any artistic faculty they have. A nicely-printed book will encourage and develop the artistic and æsthetic faculties in our children. It will pay us in the long run to supply our children with books they will value for their artistic equally with their literary worth. Let us banish the trashily-printed cheap books.”

The writer of the above paragraph is one of the best known of Canadian Librarians.

In the December *Acta Victoriana*, Rev. G. C. Workman ably reviews Hall Caine's “Christian.” Among other things he says:

“Mr. Caine also exposes many of the evils of modern society, but presents no adequate remedy for any of them; he emphasizes, too, the importance of presenting Christ in practical life, but makes none of his numerous characters present him, worthily or consistently; he even claims that God is calling on us all in this age to seek a new social application of the Gospel, but does not give a single example of a truly successful application of it. On the contrary, though he represents Storm as doing some good during his life, and as leaving a noble work to be continued by Glory after his death, yet his repeated failures, together with his untimely taking-off, are calculated to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that the Gospel cannot be successfully applied to the life of our time.

“The inappropriateness of the title, though a cause of disappointment, is a comparatively unimportant thing; but the unspiritual character of the hero and the unchristian teaching of the book are fundamental defects, which render the work not simply disappointing, but unsatisfactory. Readers of ‘The Christian’ were justified in looking for a sober representation of the religion which has done so much for the moral and social elevation of mankind, but Mr. Caine has given them a satirical representation of it. The subject deserves, as well as suggests, a very different treatment.”

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, Illustrated, 300 pp.



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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

UN ECRIVAIN PUBLIC (A Public Writer.)